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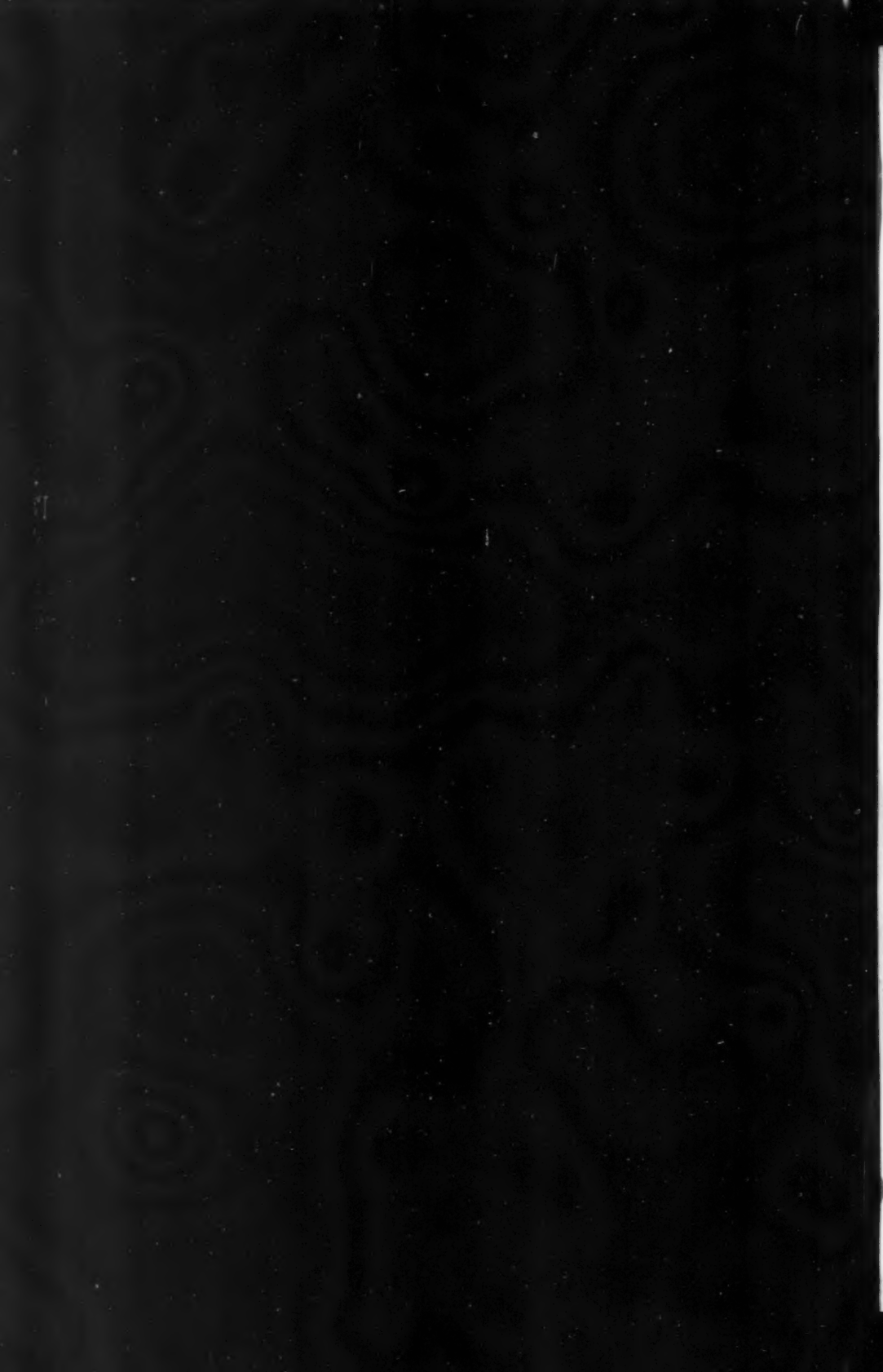
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THE LEGEND OF ISHTAR.

(ASSYRIAN.)

1.

ISHTAR the Beautiful, whom some call
Love,
And some call Life, but all hold very sweet,
Mourned, and Earth mourned with her,
and Heaven above.
The dry grass withered for her passing feet,
There was no pleasant voice of lark or
dove,
And the sea sobbed, with ever desolate
beat.

2.

For in her sorrow, day and night were one,
And morn and eve their several parts for-
got,
Because King Death had stolen her little
son ;
There fell a languor on each blooming spot,
No toll was ended, no new work begun,
Save sighing, as men sigh when Hope is
not !

3.

Until their crying smote upon her ear
Which had been deaf with longing for one
sound
(The pattering of small footsteps, very
dear !)
And she rose up, wild-eyed, with hair un-
bound,
Filled with her purpose, all devoid of fear,
To seek him if it might be, underground !

4.

There be Seven Halls of Anguish and De-
spair,
Each within each, a horrible abode,
Full of all deadly shapes of dole and care ;
And, to content their portals' greedy code,
She paid at each her fee ; for none may
dare
Without much tribute to approach the God.

5.

First from her arms she stripped the brace-
lets bright ;
And from her feet the sandals that she
wore ;
The veil that hid her beauty from men's
sight ;
The girdle of strange jewels, and precious
ore ;
The golden robe that clad her body white ;
Her circlet — weeping, — " I have nothing
more !" "

6.

So at the Seventh Gate she stayed forlorn,
And knew, within, that cold Death hid her
son ;

Then stooping, held her proud head to be
shorn
Of all its wealth — and this last despite
done,
Behold, unshod, unrobed, a thing of scorn,
Ishtar, before the Death-god stood alone !

7.

No queen was she that stood ungemmed,
uncrowned,
Scarce woman, shrinking shameful and un-
clad ;
All Love ! for, with one jealous, joyful
bound
She caught Death's prey from him, her
little lad,
Who turned wide eyes upon her, under-
ground
It seemed so strange that any should be
glad !

8.

Almighty Love ! that so unsparing gave
Wealth, Beauty, Honor, holding nought too
dear.
(Rich, lovely, honored, in that she was
brave !)
Even Death beholding her — so bold, so
near,
Withheld her not her son — and from the
grave
Bade Love return to bring the world good
cheer !

Blackwood's Magazine. G. B. STUART.

LORD, make us all love all ; that when we
meet
Even myriads of earth's myriads at thy
bar,
We may be glad as all true lovers are
Who having parted, count reunion sweet,
Safe gathered home around thy blessed
feet,
Come home by different roads from near
or far,
Whether by whirlwind or by flaming car,
From pangs or sleep, safe folded round thy
seat.
Oh, if our brother's blood cry out at us,
How shall we meet thee who hast loved
us all,
Thee whom we never loved, not loving
him ?
The unloving cannot chant with Sera-
phim,
Bear harp of gold or palm victorious,
Or face the Vision Beatifical.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

From The Fortnightly Review.
CONSTANTINOPLE AS AN HISTORIC CITY.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

MANY things combine to call renewed attention to Constantinople as an historic city, with her wonderful past and her mysterious future. The picturesque old capital of the Padishah is fast fading away from our eyes, under the influence of the Treaty of San Stefano, railways, European reforms, and the ebb of the Moslem population from Europe. Those who wish to see some remnants of Oriental life and color on this side of the Bosphorus, should hasten to visit the Moslem capital before the turban and the hadji have quite disappeared from her khans. On the other hand an unusual stimulus has been given of late by European scholars to the history and the antiquities of this legendary "mother of dead empires."

I.

OF all the cities of Europe the New Rome of the Bosphorus, in its power over the imagination of men, can yield the first place to none save its own mother, the Old Rome of the Tiber. And of all cities of the world she stands foremost in beauty of situation, in the marvel of her geographical position, as the eternal link between the East and the West. We may almost add that she is foremost in the vast continuity and gorgeous multiplicity of her historic interests. For if Constantinople can present us with nothing that can vie in sublimity and pathos with the memories of Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, it has for the historic mind a peculiar fascination of its own, in the enormous persistence of imperial power concentrated under varied forms in one unique spot of our earthly globe.

Byzantium, to use that which has been the ordinary name with all Greek writers from Herodotus down to Paspates in our own day, is one of the oldest cities of Europe; historically speaking, if we neglect mere pre-historic legend, little younger than Athens or Rome. Like them, Byzantium appears to have been founded on a pre-

historic fort. Hardly any of the ancient towns of Italy and southern Europe can show so authentic and venerable a record. There is no reason to doubt that Byzantium has been a historic city for some twenty-five hundred and fifty years; during the whole of that period, with no real break in her life, it has been the scene of events recorded in the annals of mankind; it has been fought for and held by men famous in world history; it has played a substantive part in the drama of civilization. So singular a sequence of historic interest can hardly be claimed for any city in Europe, except for Rome herself.

For nearly a thousand years before it became the capital of an empire, Byzantium was a Greek city of much importance, the prize of contending nations, and with striking prescience even then chosen out by philosophic historians for its commanding position and immense capabilities. After the lapse of nearly a thousand years, Byzantium became Constantinople, the centre of the Roman Empire. Since then it has been the capital city of an empire for exactly fifteen hundred and sixty-four years—and that in a manner, and for a period such as no other imperial city has been in the annals of civilized man. There is no actual break; although, for the dynasty of the Palæologi, from the Latin Empire down to the capture by the Ottomans, the empire outside the capital has a shrunk and almost phantom dominion. But it is yet true, that for fifteen hundred and sixty-four years Constantinople has ever been, and still is, the sole regular residence of emperors and sultans, the sole and continuous centre of civil and military administration, the supreme court of law and justice, and the official centre of the imperial religion.

During all this period the life of the empire has been concentrated in that most wonderful peninsula, as its heart and its head. It has been concentrated for a far longer period, and in a more definite way, than even it was in the original Seven Hills; for Rome

herself was the local seat of empire for scarcely four centuries, and even for that in an intermittent form; and vast as has been the continuity of the Roman Church for at least thirteen centuries, its life, and even its official government, have had many seats and continual movements. But from the days of Constantine, Constantinople has been, both in the temporal and spiritual domains, the centre, the home, the palladium of the empire of the East. For fifteen centuries the lord of Constantinople has never ceased to be the lord of the contiguous East; and, whilst sea and rock hold in their accustomed places, the lord of Constantinople must continue to be lord of south-eastern Europe and of north-western Asia.

This continuity and concentration of imperial rule in an imperial city has no parallel in the history of mankind. Rome was the local centre of empire for barely four centuries, and for sixteen centuries she has wholly lost that claim. The royal cities that once flourished in the valleys of the Ganges, the Euphrates, or the Nile, were all abandoned after some centuries of splendor, and have long lost their imperial rank. Memphis, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Alexandria, Syracuse, Athens, had periods of glory, but no great continuity of empire. London and Paris have been great capitals for at most a few centuries; and Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, are things of yesterday in the long roll of human civilization. There is but one city of the world of which it can be said that, for fifteen centuries and a half, it has been the continuous seat of empire, under all the changes of race, institutions, customs, and religion. And this may be ultimately traced to its incomparable physical and geographical capabilities.

Mere duration of imperial power and variety of historical interest are indeed far different from true greatness or national dignity. But as an object of the historical imagination, the richness of the record, in the local annals of some world-famous spot, cannot fail

to kindle our thoughts. History, alas! is not the record of pure virtue and peaceful happiness; it is the record of deeds big with fate to races of men, of passions, crimes, follies, heroisms, and martyrdoms in the mysterious labyrinth of human destiny. The stage whereon, over so vast a period of man's memory, ten thousand of such tragedies have been enacted, holds with a spell the mind of every man who is in sympathy with human nature, and who loves to meditate on the problem of human progress.

History and European opinion have been until lately most unjust to the Byzantine empire, whether in its Roman, its Greek, or in its Ottoman form. By a singular fatality its annals and its true place have been grossly misunderstood. Foreign scholars, German, French, Russian, and Greek, have done much in recent years to repair this error; and English historians, though late in the field, are beginning to atone for neglect in the past. Finlay worthily led the way, in spite of sympathies and antipathies which almost incapacitate an historian from truly grasping Byzantine history. Professor Freeman struck the true note in some of his most weighty and pregnant pieces, perhaps the most original and brilliant of his essays; and now Professor Bury, of Dublin, has undertaken the vast task of casting into a scientific and systematic history those wonderful narratives of which Gibbon gave us detached and superb sketches, albeit with limited resources and incomplete knowledge. Edwin Pears, in a fine monograph, has given us very much more than the history of the Fourth Crusade.¹ And the incessant labors of foreign scholars are beginning to filter even into the ideas of the general reader. Russian and Greek monasteries have preserved unknown and precious chronicles; and Armenian,

¹ History of Greece, from 146 B.C. to A.D. 1864, by George Finlay, ed. by H. F. Tozer, 7 vols.; Historical Essays, by E. A. Freeman, 3rd Series, 1879; The Later Roman Empire, from 395 A.D. to 800 A.D., by T. B. Bury, Trin. Coll., Dub., 2 vols., 1889; The Fall of Constantinople in the Fourth Crusade, by Edwin Pears, LL.D., 1885.

Saracen, and Persian manuscripts have lately been added to our annals. The terrible *corpus* of Byzantine histories becomes less heart-breaking in its dryness and its affectation, with all the light that modern scholarship has thrown upon that record of romantic and tremendous events, told by official annalists with pedantic dullness and cold-blooded commonplace. Krause, Hopf, Heyd, Gfrörer, in Germany; Sabatier, Rambaud, Schlumberger, Drapeyron, Bayet, in France; Byzantios, and Paspates, in Greece, have given a new life to this vast repertory of a thousand years of varying fortune.¹

At the same time, the local archæology of Constantinople has received a new impulse. The political and economic changes which resulted from the course of events, from the Crimean War of 1853 and the Treaty of San Stefano in 1878, have opened Constantinople much as Japan was opened thirty years ago. European scholars and resident Greeks have been enabled to study the remains; the sultan has formed a most interesting museum under Hamdi Bey, a Turkish archæologist; and Dr. Paspates, a Greek antiquarian, has been able in the cuttings and works of the new railway, almost wholly to reconstruct Byzantine topography. The vague and somewhat traditional localization repeated by Banduri, Ducange, Gyllius, Busbecq, and the rest, has now been corrected by scientific inspection of ruins and partial excavation. The ingenious labors of Labarte, Salzenberg, Schlumberger, Bayet, Riant, and others,² have

been brought to the test of a learned survey on the spot. No one could well deal with Byzantine antiquities without a thorough study of the works of the late Dr. Paspates, especially of the "Byzantine Palaces," which is now accessible to the English reader in the new translation of Mr. Metcalfe (1893).

We have all been unjust to this Byzantine empire; and its restoration to its true place in the story of human civilization is beyond doubt the great *lacuna* of our current histories. What they tell us is mainly the story of its last four hundred years—when the Eastern Empire was dying under the mortal blows inflicted on it as it stood between the fanaticism of the East and the jealousy of the West. Of the seven centuries from Theodosius to the Crusades we hear little save palace intrigues, though these years were the true years of glory in Byzantine history. This was the period in which she handed down, and handed down alone, the ancient world to the modern; when Constantinople was the greatest and most civilized city in Europe, the last refuge of law, arts, and learning, the precursor of the Crusades in defending Christian civilization by four centuries. Before the Crusades were undertaken by Europe, the Eastern Empire was falling into corruption and decay. But down to the middle of the eleventh century, more or less continuously from the opening of the seventh, the history of the eastern Romans may honorably compare with the history of western Europe, whilst in certain essential elements of civilization, they stood not merely the first in Europe, but practically alone. If Chosroes, or Muaviah, or Haroun, or Crumn, had succeeded in blotting out the empire of the Bosphorus, it is difficult to imagine from whence we should have been able to recover either Roman law, or Hellenic art, or ancient poetry and learning, or the complex art of organized government, or the traditions and manufactures of cultured civilization. At any rate, the whole history of mankind would have taken a different course.

¹ Sabatier, *Monnales Byzantines*, 1862; Rambaud, *L'Empire Grec au Xme. Siècle*, 1870; Drapeyron, *L'Empereur Héraclius*, 1869; Schlumberger, *Un Empereur Byzantin*, 1890; Krause, 1869, and Heyd, 1879, on Commerce in the Levant.

² Banduri, *Imperium Orientale*, 1711, 2 vols. fol.; Ducange, *Constantinopolis Christiana*; Gyllius, *De Topogr. Constantin.*; Busbecq, *Letters*, tr. by Forster and Daniel, 2 vols., 1881; Salzenberg, *Alt-Christliche Baudenkmale*, 1854, fol.; Labarte, *Le Palais Impérial de Constantinople*, 4to., 1861; Paspates, *Βυζαντινὰ Μελέται*, 1877; *Βυζαντινὰ Ἀνάκτορα*, 1885; *Πολιορκία καὶ ἀλώσεις*, 1890; Professor van Millingen, in Murray's *Handbook*, new ed., 1893; Byzantios, *Κωνσταντινούπολις*, 1851-9, 3 vols.

Neither under Roman, Greek, or Ottoman, has the empire been, except at intervals, the abyss of corruption, servility, and vice that Western prejudice has too long imagined. Horrors, follies, meanness, and pedantry abound; but there is still a record rich in heroism, intellectual energy, courage, skill, and perseverance, which are as memorable as any in the world. Neither the intellect, nor the art, nor the religion, are those of western Europe; nor have we there the story of a great people, or a purifying church, of a profound philosophy, or a progressive civilization. Constantinople is, and always has been, as much Eastern as Western—yet with much that is neither of the East nor of the West—but special to itself. It is a type of conservatism, of persistency and constancy unparalleled, amidst change, decay, and defeat. This miraculous longevity and recuperative power seem to go counter to all the lessons of western Europe; or in the West they are to be matched only by the recuperative power of the Catholic Church. The city and the Church, which date from Constantine, have both in these fifteen centuries shown a strange power of recovery from mortal maladies and hopeless difficulties. But the recovery of temporal dominion is always more rare than the revival of spiritual ideas. And in recuperative energy and tenacity of life, the empire of the Bosphorus, from Constantine to Abdul Hamid, is one long paradox.

The continuity of empire in Constantinople suffered, it is true, a tremendous breach in dynasty, in race, and in religion, by the conquest of the Turks; and, if it were a Christian, and Roman, or Latin, or Greek empire for eleven hundred and twenty-three years, it has been a Moslem and Ottoman empire for four hundred and forty-one years. To many historians these four hundred and forty-one years have been a period of Babylonish captivity for the Chosen People. But those who are not especially Philhellen or Philorthodox, in any absolute sense, will view this great problem without race or sectarian animosities. Before the impartial judg-

ment seat of history the lesson of the past lies in the unfolding of genius in government and in war, in organizing nations, and in moulding their destinies; and where these great capacities exist, there is no room to indulge the prejudices of a partisan. The two centuries of Stamboul which follow the conquest of Mohammed the Second in 1453, are greatly superior in interest and in teaching to the two centuries of Byzantine empire which precede it, and the miserable tale of the Latin usurpation. Nor has the whole Ottoman rule of four centuries and a half been less brilliant, less rich in great intellects and great characters, than the Byzantine empire from the time of the Crusades till its fall—perhaps not even more oppressive to its subjects, nor any more antagonistic to moral and social progress. The marvellous city that Constantine created in 330 A.D. has been ever since that day the effective seat of such government as the Eastern regions around it could maintain, of such civilization as they could evolve, and of such religious union as they were able to receive. That empire, that type of society, seem preparing to-day for an ultimate withdrawal into Asia. But with such a record of persistence and revival, such tenacity of hold on a sacred and imperial centre, few can forecast the issue with confidence. And that future is assuredly amongst the most fascinating enigmas which can engage the meditations of thinking men.

It is an acute remark of the late Professor Freeman that the history of the empire is the history of the capital. The imperial, religious, legal, and commercial energy of the Eastern Empire has always centred in Constantinople, by whomsoever held, in a way that can hardly be paralleled in European history. The Italian successors of Julius and Augustus for the most part spent their lives and carried on their government very largely, and at last almost wholly, away from Rome. Neither had the Western emperors, nor the chiefs of the Holy Roman Empire, any permanent and continuous seat. The history

of England and that of France are associated with many historic towns and many royal residences far from London and from Paris. Nor do the histories of Spain, Italy, or Germany, offer us any constant capital or any single centre of government, religion, law, commerce, and art. But of the nearly one hundred sovereigns of the Eastern Empire, and of the twenty-eight caliphs who have succeeded them in Byzantium, during that long epoch of fifteen hundred and sixty-four years, from the day of its foundation, Constantinople has been the uniform residence of the sovereign, except when on actual campaign in time of war or on some imperial progress; and in peace and in war under all dynasties, races, and creeds, it has never ceased to be the seat of official government, the supreme tribunal, and the metropolis of the religious system.

From the age of Theodosius down to the opening of the Crusades—a period of seven centuries—whilst Rome itself and every ancient city in Europe was stormed, sacked, burnt, more or less abandoned, and almost blotted out by a succession of invaders, Constantinople remained untouched, impregnable, never decayed, never abandoned—always the most populous, the most wealthy, the most cultivated, the most artistic city in Europe—always the seat of a great empire, the refuge of those who sought peace and protection for their culture or their wealth, a busy centre of a vast commerce, the one home of ancient art, the one school of ancient law and learning left undespilled and undeserted. From the eighth century to the thirteenth a succession of travellers have described its size, wealth, and magnificence.¹ In the middle of the twelfth century, the Jew Benjamin of Tudela, coming from Spain to Palestine, declares that “these riches and buildings are equalled nowhere in the world;” “that merchants

resort thither from all parts of the world.” From about the eleventh century the downfall of the city began. It was ruined by the political jealousy of the Western empire, by the religious hostility of the Roman Church, and by the commercial rivalry of the Italian republics. Placed between these irreconcilable enemies on the west, the incessant attacks of the Slavonic races on the north, and the aspiring fanaticism of Musulman races from the east and the south, the Byzantine empire slowly bled to death, and its capital became, for some three centuries, little more than a besieged fortress—filled with a helpless population and vast treasures and relics it could no longer protect.

But whether the empire was in glory or in decay, into whatever race it passed, and whatever were the official creed, Constantinople never failed to attract to itself whatever of genius and ambition the Eastern empire contained, nor did it ever cease, nor has it ceased, to be a great mart of commerce, and clearing house of all that the East and the West desired to exchange. It is still to the Greek priest, as it is to the Musulman imâm, what Rome is to the Catholic. And to the Greek from Alexandria to New York it is still what Rome is to the Italian, and what Paris is to the Frenchman. In a sense, it is almost still the traditional metropolis of the Orthodox Greek, of the Armenian, and almost of the Levantine Jew, as well as of the Moslem. Its history is the history of the Balkan peninsula, for its twenty famous sieges have been the turning-points in the rise and fall of the empire. The inner history of the thrones of the East has been uniformly transacted within those walls, and upon the buried stones and fragments whereon we may still stand to-day and ponder on the vicissitudes of fifteen centuries and a half.

II.

A LARGE part of this strange radiation of Eastern history from the new Eternal City is unquestionably due to its unique local conditions. From He-

¹ Early Travels in Palestine, ed. T. Wright, 1868; Krause, *Die Byzantiner des Mittelalters*, 1869; Heyd, *Levantehandel*, 1879; French ed. 1885; Riant, *Excursion sacrée Constantin.*, 1877; Hopf, *Chroniques Greco-Romanes inédites*, 1873.

rodotus and Polybius down to Gibbon and Freeman, historians, ancient and modern, have expatiated on the unrivalled situation of Byzantium on the Bosphorus. There is no other so apt to become the seat of a great city on the habitable globe. Standing on the extreme easternmost point of the Balkan peninsula, it is within easy voyage of the entire coast line of Asia Minor on its northern, western, and southern faces. As an early traveller pointed out, Constantinople "is a city which nature herself has designed to be the mistress of the world. It stands in Europe, looks upon Asia, and is within reach by sea of Egypt and the Levant on the south—and of the Black Sea and its European and Asiatic shores on the north."¹ Something of the kind might be said for such cities as Corinth, or Thessalonica, Smyrna, or Athens; but the extraordinary feature of Byzantium, which confers on it so peculiar a power of defence and attack is this—that whilst having ample and secure roadsteads and ports all round it, it has both on the north and the south, a long, narrow, but navigable sea channel, of such a kind that, in ancient or in modern warfare, it can be made impregnable against any invading fleet.

Constantinople was thus protected by two marine gates which could be absolutely closed to any hostile ship, whether coming from the Black Sea or from the Ægean, but which can be instantly opened to its own or any friendly ship coming or going over the whole area of the Euxine or the Mediterranean. Whilst thus impreguably defended by sea, she could bar invasion by land by her vast rampart running from sea to sea, and not more than four miles in length. And at a distance of some thirty miles further west, a second wall, twenty feet wide and about forty miles long, shut off from north and west the main peninsula and ran from the Propontis to the Euxine. Constantinople in ancient times thus held what, with an adequate sea and land force, was the strongest

defensive position in Europe, if not in the world. For by sea she could bar all approach from east, north, or south; whilst on the west, the only landward approach, she was protected by a double rampart, placed upon a double peninsula, to say nothing of the natural bulwark of the Balkan mountains.

To this incomparable position of security we must add that, whilst one side of the city faces an inland sea of wonderful beauty, which is rather a lake than a sea, another side of the city looks across the Bosphorus to Asia; on the third side of the city is her own secure port of the Golden Horn, about four miles long and a thousand yards wide. Here a thousand ships can ride in safety, and the channel is so deep that in places the biggest vessels can lie beside the quays. The country round is diversified with hills, valleys, and tableland, broken by bays and gulfs, and crowned with distant mountains. The Propontis and its shores teem with fish, fruits, vines, woods, and marbles, whilst in the far horizon the snowy folds of the Bithynian Olympus float as a dim but radiant vision in the distance.

The extension of modern artillery has reduced, and almost destroyed, the defensive capacities of the city on the landward. But from the time of Xerxes until the present century, its power of defence was almost perfect so long as Byzantium could command the sea. She possessed nearly all the advantages of an island; but of an island placed in a sheltered inland sea, an island from which rich districts both of Asia and Europe could be instantly reached in open boats, or by a few hours' sail in any kind of ship. A city, having magnificent harbors and roadsteads and abundant waterways in every direction, had all the peculiar features which have gone to create the power of Syracuse, Alexandria, Venice, Genoa, London, or New York. But Byzantium had this additional security—that, with all the facilities of an island, she could close her marine gates against any hostile fleet and forbid their approach within sight. Tyre,

¹ Busbecq's Letters, translated by Forster and Daniel, 1881, vol. I., p. 123.

Carthage, Athens, Syracuse, Alexandria—we may say all famous seaports throughout the Mediterranean (except Venice, which lay safe in her lagoons), were exposed to a hostile fleet; and all of them have been more than once invested by invaders from the sea. But so long as Byzantium had forces enough at sea to close the gate of the Bosphorus and also that of the Hellespont, she was unassailable by any hostile fleet. And so long as she had forces enough on land to man the long wall across the great peninsula, and also to defend her great inner fortifications across the smaller peninsula, she was impregnable to any invading army.

It would be unwise in a civilian to express any opinion of his own on the very important problem of the degree in which modern appliances of war have deprived Constantinople of her peculiar powers of defence. We are told that, so far as the closing of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont extend, the resources of the artillerist and the submarine engineer have greatly increased their defensive capacity. Constantinople is, of course, no longer safe from an enemy posted on the heights, either above Pera, Scutari, or Eyub; and obviously her ancient lines of fortification are useless. But with first-class forts to protect both Scutari and Pera, and also the heights to the west of the city—which together might require some four complete *corps d'armées*—and with a first-class fleet in the Marmora, Constantinople would, even to-day, be far stronger for defence than any existing capital in Europe, perhaps stronger than any great city in the world.

The peculiar position of Byzantium was alike fitted for offence or for defence. It was essentially a maritime position, the full resources of which could only be used by a power strong at sea. If it issued northwards, through its gate on the Bosphorus, it could send a fleet to any point of the Black Sea—a vast expanse of one hundred and seventy-two thousand square miles, having one of the greatest drainage areas in the world. Thus, in a few

days armies and munitions could be carried to the mouths either of the Danube, the Dnieper, or the Don, to the shores of the Crimea, or else eastwards to the foot of the Caucasus, or to any point on the north coast of Asia Minor. If it issued south, through the Propontis and the Hellespont, a few days would carry its armies to the teeming shores of Bithynia, or to the rich coasts and islands of the Ægean Sea, or to Greece, or to any point on the western or the southern coast of Asia Minor. And a few days more would bring its fleets to the coast of Syria, or of Egypt, or to Italy, Spain, Africa, and the western Mediterranean. Thus, the largest army could be safely transported in a few days, so as to descend at will upon the vast plains of southern Russia, or into the heart of central Asia, within a short march of the head waters of the Euphrates—or they might descend southwards to the gates of Syria, near Issus, or else to the mouths of the Nile, or to the islands and bays of Greece or Italy.

And these wide alternatives in objective point could be kept for ultimate decision unknown to an enemy up to the last moment. When the great Heraclius, in 622, opened his memorable war with Chosroes, which ended in the ruin of the Persian dynasty, no man in either host knew till the hour of his sailing whether the Byzantine hero intended to descend upon Armenia by the Euxine, or upon Syria by the Gulf of Issus. And until they issued from the Hellespont into the Ægean, the emperor's army and fleet were absolutely protected not only from molestation, but even from observation. To a power which commanded the sea and had ample supplies of troopships, Constantinople combined the maximum power of defence with the maximum range of attack. And this extraordinary combination she will retain in the future in competent hands.

That wonderfully rapid and mobile force, which an eminent American expert has named the "sea power," the power discovered by Cromwell and Blake, of which England is still the

great example and mistress, was placed by the founders of Byzantium in that spot of earth which, at any rate, in its anciently peopled districts, combined the greatest resources. Byzantium, from the days of the Persian and the Peloponnesian wars, had always been a prize to be coveted by a naval power. From the time of Constantine down to the Crusades, or for nearly eight centuries, the rulers of Constantinople could usually command large and well-manned fleets. And this was enough to account for her imperial place in history. As an imperial city, she must rise, decline, or fall, by her naval strength. She fell before the Crusaders in a naval attack; and she was crippled to a great extent by the naval attack of Mohammed the Conqueror. During the zenith of the Moslem Conquest, she was great by sea. Her decline in this century has been far greater on sea than on land. When her fleet was shattered at Sinope, in 1853, the end was not far off. And when to-day we see in the Golden Horn the hulls of her ironclads moored motionless, and, they say, unable to move, men knew that Stamboul is no longer the queen of the Levant.

As a maritime city, also, Constantinople presents this striking problem. For fifteen centuries, with moderate intervals, this city of the Bosphorus and the Propontis has held imperial rule. No other sea-port city, either in the ancient or in the modern world, has ever maintained an empire for a period approaching to this in length. Tyre, Carthage, Athens, Alexandria, Venice, Genoa, Amsterdam have held proud dependencies by their fleets for a space, but for rarely more than a few generations or centuries. The mighty supremacy of the seas, of which Englishmen boast, can hardly be said to have had more than two centuries of trial. The city of the Bosphorus has been tried by fifteen centuries of fierce rivalry and obstinate war; and for long periods together she saw powerful enemies permanently encamped almost within sight of her towers. Yet she still commands the gates of the Euxine

and the Hellespont, just as Herodotus and Polybius tell us that she did two thousand years ago. Nor can any man who has studied that marvellous peninsula fail to see that, so soon as Constantinople again falls into the hands of a great naval power, she must recover her paramount control over the whole shore of south-eastern Europe and north-western Asia.

Herodotus tells us how Darius's general, in the sixth century B.C., judged its position, in the well-known saying that Chalcedon, the city on the Asiatic shore opposite, must have been founded by blind men, for they overlooked the superior situation on which Byzantium was soon after placed. Thucydides records the part played by the city in the Peloponnesian war; and Polybius, the scientific historian of the second century B.C., describes it with singular insight. "Of all cities in the world," he says, "it is the most happy in its position on the sea; being not only secure on that side from all enemies, but possessed of the means of obtaining every kind of necessities in the greatest plenty." And he enlarges on its extraordinary command of the commercial route from the Euxine to the Mediterranean. He explains the disadvantages of its position on the land side, and the reasons which hindered Byzantium from becoming a commanding city in Greece. The main reason was the proximity of the barbarous and irrepressible Thracians; for the old Byzantium was never strong enough to wall in and defend the whole peninsula by the wall of Anastasius, nor was it rich enough to maintain such an army as would overawe the tribes of the Balkan.

No doubt the founders of Chalcedon on the Asian side were not blind, but they feared the Thracians of the European side, and were not able to dispossess the tribe settled on the peninsula. But a problem arises. Why, if the situation of Byzantium were so predominant, did it remain for a thousand years a second-class commercial city of Greece? and then, why, in the fourth century, did it become the nat-

ural capital of eastern Europe? The answer is plain. The magnificent maritime position of Byzantium was neutralized so long as the Balkan peninsula and the valley of the Danube was filled with barbarous nomads. The great wars of Trajan and his successors, in the first and second centuries, for the first time brought the whole basin of the Danube into the limits of the empire. Thus, when Constantinople was founded, it was secure by land as well as by sea. When, in the fifth and sixth centuries, Italy, Spain, Gaul, and Africa were swept by a succession of Northern invaders, the empire had command of great armies, ample to man the vast system of fortifications across her double peninsula. And thus she resisted the torrent which submerged and devastated western Europe.

The part played by Byzantium down to the time of Constantine was subordinate, but significant. It is frequently mentioned by almost all the ancient historians; and of famous chiefs who were concerned with it we have Pausanias the victor of Platæa, Cimon, the son of Miltiades, Alcibiades, Epaminondas, Demosthenes, Philip of Macedon, many Roman generals, the Emperors Claudius, Vespasian, Severus, Licinius, and Constantine. It is a strange accident that the city of the later empire and the sultans was the city wherein Pausanias, the victor of Platæa, was seized with the mania for assuming an Oriental tyranny, and that it was where the Seraglio now stands that the infatuated king perpetrated the horrid deed of lust and blood, which our poet introduces in his "Manfred." Is there something in the air of that hill where we now stare at the "Sublime Porte," which fires the blood of tyrants to savage and mysterious crime?

The removal of the imperial capital from Rome to Byzantium was one of the most decisive acts on record—a signal monument of foresight, genius, and will. Madrid, St. Petersburg, Berlin, are also capital cities created by the act of a powerful ruler. But none of these foundations can compare in scale and in importance with the tremendous

task of moving the seat of empire a thousand miles to the east, from the centre of Italy to the coast of Asia, from a Latin to a Greek city, from a pagan to a Christian population. The motives which impelled Constantine to this momentous step were doubtless complex. Since the time of Trajan, Rome had not been the constant residence of the emperors, except of Antoninus Pius, nor the regular seat of government. Since the time of Diocletian, Rome had been abandoned as the official centre of the empire. Many places east of it had been tried; and Constantine, when resolved on the great change, seriously contemplated two, if not three, other sites. It had long been agreed that the imperial seat must be transferred towards the east; and there was an instinctive sense that the valley of the Tiber was no longer safe from the incessant onward march of the Teutonic nations in arms.

The tendency was to get somewhere south of the Danube, and within reach of Asia Minor and the Euphrates. The greater chiefs had all felt that the empire must be recast, both politically and spiritually. By the fourth century it was clear that the empire must break with the rooted prejudices that surrounded the Senate of Rome and the gods of the Capitol. And Constantine, the half-conscious and half-convinced agent of the great change—the change from the ancient world to the modern world, from polytheism to Christianity—saw in the Church and Bishop of Rome a power which would never be his creature. Dante tells us that "Cæsar became a Greek in order to give place to the Roman pastor." There is much in this; but it is not the whole truth, for Cæsar might have become a Spaniard, or a Gaul, or an Illyrian. Dante might have added that Cæsar became an Oriental, in order to give place to the Goth. Constantinople from the first was a Christian City, with an orthodox Church; but it was a Church that was, from the first, a department of the State.

The topography, apart from the geography of Constantinople, may demand

some words ; for the history of the city from Constantine to Abdul Hamid is based on its physical characters. We cannot doubt that the many delights of this spot, the varied resources of the surrounding country, the combination of sea, bay, mountain, valley, terrace, and garden, as these rise one beyond the other, have made Constantinople for fifteen centuries the residence of emperors and caliphs, the dream and pride of nations, and the crown of imperial ambition.

Those who approach Constantinople from Greece, as all men should, have sailed through that long panorama of island, mountain, and headland which the Ægean Sea presents, past "Troy town" and the unknown home of its minstrel ; and every rock recalls some tale or poem for the three thousand years since European thought and arts rose into being across those waters. The Hellespont has been passed with its legends and histories, and the sea of Marmora with its islands of marble, its rich shores and distant ranges of mountain — and as the morning sun touches the crescents on her domes, the eternal city of New Rome bursts into view, looking on the east and the south across the blue waters of Propontis and Bosphorus, with her seven hills rising towards Europe one behind the other, each crowned with cupola and minaret, amidst arcaded terraces, and groves of acacia, myrtle, and cypress.

This glorious vision, if not the most beautiful, is the most varied and fascinating of its kind in Europe. Some prefer the Bay of Naples, or the bay of Salamis, or of Genoa ; but neither Naples, nor Athens, nor Rome, nor Genoa, nor Venice, have, as cities, anything of the extent, variety, and complexity of Constantinople, if we include its four or five suburbs, its magnificent sea landscape, its bays, islands, and mountains, in the distance. For Constantinople does not stand upon an open sea like Naples, or Genoa, but on a great marine lake with its shores, vine-clad hills, headlands, and pearly mountain ranges in the far horizon. Like Athens or Venice, it has a sea-

port without an open sea outside. And as a city, it is vastly more grand and varied than Venice, Athens, Florence, or Edinburgh. Hence, Constantinople combines such sea views as we find round the Western islands of Scotland or of Greece, with the summer sky and vegetation of Italy, and the mountain ranges which fill the horizon from the plains of Lombardy.

Was it more beautiful in the age of the empire than it is to-day ? Perhaps from a distance, from the sea, the Stamboul of to-day is a far more striking sight than the Byzantium of the Cæsars. The minarets, an Eastern and Moslem feature, are the distinctive mark of the modern city, and do much to break the monotony of the Byzantine cupolas. There are four or five mosques which repeat and rival the Church of the Holy Wisdom, and some of them have nobler sites. Nor were the towers and battlements of ancient architecture to be compared in beauty and in scale with those of mediæval and Moslem builders. But the city, as seen within, in the Isaurian and Basilian dynasties, we may assume, in the five centuries which separate Justinian from the first Crusade, must have greatly surpassed in noble art, if not in pictorial effect, the Ottoman city that we see. The enormous palace and hippodrome, the basilicas, churches, halls, and porticoes, with their profusion of marble, mosaic, bronzes, and paintings, their colossal figures, obelisks, and columns, the choicest relics of Greek sculpture, the memorial statues, baths, theatres, and forums — must have far surpassed the decaying remnant of Stamboul which so often disenchant the traveller when he disembarks from the Golden Horn.

III.

CONSTANTINE created his New Rome in 330, as never ruler before or since created a city. It was made a mighty and resplendent capital within a single decade. Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Mauritania were despoiled of their treasures to adorn the new metropolis. Constantine built

churches, theatres, forums, baths, porticoes, palaces, monuments, and aqueducts. He built, adorned, and peopled a great capital all at a stroke, and made it, after Rome and Athens, the most splendid city of the ancient world. Two centuries later, Justinian became the second founder of the city. And from Constantine down to the capture by the Crusaders, for nearly nine centuries, a succession of emperors continued to raise great sacred and lay buildings. Of the city before Constantine little remains above the ground, except some sculptures in the museum, and foundations of some walls, which Dr. Paspates believes that he can trace. Of Constantine and his immediate successors there remain parts of the hippodrome, of walls, aqueducts, cisterns, and forums, some columns and monuments. Of the emperors from Theodosius to the Crusades we still have, little injured, the grand Church of Sophia, some twenty churches much altered and mostly late in date, the foundations of palaces, and one still standing in ruins, and lastly the twelve miles of walls with their gates and towers. The museums contain sarcophagi, statues, inscriptions of the Roman age. But we can hardly doubt that an immense body of Byzantine relics and buildings still lie buried some ten or twenty feet below the ground whereon stand to-day the serails, khans, mosques, and houses of Stamboul, a soil which the Ottoman is loth to disturb. When the day comes that such scientific excavations are possible as have been made in the Forum and the Palatine at Rome, we may yet look to unveil many monuments of rare historical interest, and, it might be, a few of high artistic value. As yet, the cuttings for the railway have given almost the only opportunity that antiquarians have had of investigating below the surface of the actual city, which stands upon a deep stratum of *débris*.

One monument of Constantine, eight centuries older than Constantine himself, has been recently disinterred, and curiously enough by English hands. It is one of the oldest, most historic, most

venerable relics of the ancient world. The Serpent Column of bronze from Delphi, set up by the Greeks as base for the golden tripod to commemorate the final defeat of Xerxes, an object of pilgrimage for Greeks for eight centuries, stands still in the spot where emperors placed it in the Hippodrome; and after twenty-three hundred and seventy-three years, it still bears witness to the first great victory of the West over the East. When the East triumphed over the West nearly two thousand years later, the conqueror left this secular monument on its base; and during the Crimean War, English soldiers dug it out of the surrounding *débris* and revealed the rude inscription of the thirty confederate states exactly as Herodotus and Pausanias record. With the bronze wolf of the Capitol, it may count as the most precious metal relic which remains from the ancient world; for the Crusaders melted down into pence every piece of bronze statuary they could seize, and carried off to St. Mark's, at Venice, the four horses that bear the name of Lysippus.

Constantinople is rich, not in works of art, for those of the city have been wantonly destroyed, but in historic sites, which appeal to the scholar rather than to the public; but in so singular a conformation of sea and land, the sites can often be fixed with some precision. We may still note the spot where daring pioneers from Megara set up their Acropolis a century and a half before the battle of Marathon; we can trace the original harbor, the position of some temples, and the line of the walls. We can stand beside the burial-place of a long line of emperors, and trace the plan of the forums, palaces, and Hippodrome where so vast a succession of stirring scenes took place, some of the earlier monuments and churches, the hall where Justinian promulgated the "*Corpus Juris*" which has served the greater part of Europe for thirteen centuries and a half. And, above all, we have the great church in something like its original glory, less injured by

time and man than almost any remaining mediæval cathedral.

The Church of S. Sophia is, next to the Pantheon at Rome, the most central and historic edifice still standing erect. It is now in its fourteenth century of continuous and unbroken use; and during the whole of that vast epoch, it has never ceased to be the imperial fane of the Eastern world, nor has it ever, as the Pantheon, been desolate and despoiled. Its influence over Eastern architecture has been almost as wide as that of the Pantheon over Western architecture, and it has been far more continuous. It was one of the most original, daring, and triumphant conceptions in the whole record of human building; and Mr. Ferguson declares it to be internally "the most perfect and beautiful church ever yet erected by any Christian people." Its interior is certainly the most harmonious, most complete, and least faulty of all the great domed and round-arched temples. It unites sublimity of construction with grace of detail, splendor of decoration with indestructible material. It avoids the conspicuous faults of the great temples of Rome and of Florence, whilst it is far richer in decorative effect within than our own St. Paul's or the Panthéon of Paris. Its glorious vesture of marble, mosaic, carving, and cast metal, is unsurpassed by the richest of the Gothic cathedrals, and is far more enduring. Though twice as old as Westminster Abbey, it has suffered less dilapidation, and will long outlast it. Its constructive mass and its internal ornamentation far exceed in solidity the slender shafts, the paintings, and the stained glass of the Gothic churches. In this masterly type the mind is aroused by the infinite subtlety of the construction, and the eye is delighted with the inexhaustible harmonies of a superb design worked out in most gorgeous materials.

For Justinian and his successors ransacked the empire to find the most precious materials for the Great Church. The interior is still one vast pile of marble, porphyry, and polished granite, white marbles with rosy streaks,

green marbles, blue and black, starred or veined with white. The pagan temples were stripped of their columns and capitals; monoliths and colossal slabs were transported from Rome, and from the Nile, from Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece, so that, with the Pantheon at Rome, this is the one example of a grand structure of ancient art which still remains unruined. The gilded portals, the jewels, pearls, and gold of the altar, the choir adornments of cedar, amber, ivory, and silver, have been long destroyed by the greedy soldiers of the Cross; and the mosaics above with seraphim, apostles, prophets, and Christ in glory have been covered up, but not destroyed, by the fierce soldiers of Mahomet.

It is a fact, almost without parallel in the history of religion, that the Musulman conquerors adopted the Christian cathedral as their own fane, without injuring it, with very little alteration within, and even without changing its name. The Greeks did not adopt the form of Egyptian or Syrian temples; Christians took for the model of their churches the law-courts, but not the temples of polytheism; Protestants have never found a practical use for the cruciform churches of Catholicism. But Islam accepted the Holy Wisdom as the type of its mosque; partially concealed the Christian emblems and sacred mosaics, added without some courts and the four beautiful minarets, but made no structural change within. And thus the oldest cathedral in Christendom is the type of a thousand mosques; and the figures of Christ and his saints, that a Roman emperor set up in his imperial dome, look down to-day after fifteen centuries on the Westminster Abbey of the Ottoman caliphs. What a dazzling panorama of stirring, pathetic, and terrific scenes press on the mind of the student of Byzantine history as he recalls all which that vast fane has witnessed in the thousand years that separate the age of Justinian from that of Suleiman the Magnificent, from the day when the great emperor cried out, "I have surpassed thee, O Solomon!" to the days when Ottoman

conquerors gave thanks for a hundred victories over the Cross. Has any building in the world been witness to so vast a series of memorable events?

In historic memories, the walls of Constantinople can compare with her great church; for the ruined walls are still the most colossal and pathetic relics of the ancient world that remain in Europe. Except the walls round Rome, there is no scene in Europe so strange, so desolate, and mantled with such annals of battle, crime, despair, and heroism. Though the sea walls have been partly removed and much injured by man, the vast rampart on the west which stretches from Blachernæ on the Golden Horn to the Seven Towers on the Marmora, a distance of nearly four miles, is still, but for natural decay and disturbance, in the state in which it was left by Sultan Mohammed the Conqueror in the fifteenth century. It was then more than a thousand years old; and during the whole of that period it had been increased, repaired, strengthened, doubled, and tripled. It is still a museum or vast catacomb of Byzantine history. More fortunate than the walls of Rome and other ancient cities, the western walls of Constantinople have hardly been touched by the hand of man since the Turks entered. This complicated scheme of circumvallation, far stronger than the walls of Rome or of any other ancient or mediæval city, made an impenetrable barrier, whilst adequately manned and defended, down to the invention of heavy cannon. We can still trace the plan and form of the triple line of wall, of the moat, of the two causeways, of the fourteen gates, and the one hundred and ninety-four towers, and the ruined palace of the later emperors.

Here and there the massive towers are riven and tottering, torn by cannon, earthquake, and centuries of neglect and decay. The shrunken city of Stamboul does not now touch them, and no populous suburbs have grown round them. Cemeteries with cypress and tombstones, the cupola of a small oratory, or the roof of a hospital, alone

break the view. But the crumbling walls and towers stand in solitude amidst orchards and gardens, and nothing disturbs the student who deciphers inscriptions set up by Constantines, Leos, Basils, Comneni, and Palæologi, and here and there a Roman eagle and a Greek cross.¹ The Golden Gate, with its two marble towers, prisons, palace halls, the famous Castle of Blachernæ, and the Seven Towers, carry us through a thousand years of history—but most of all we linger near the breach hard by the gate of S. Romanus, where the last Constantine met the Ottoman Mohammed in deadly grip, redeeming by his death four centuries of feebleness in his ancestors, as he fell amidst heaps of slain:—

With his face up to Heaven, in that red monument

Which his good sword had digg'd.

Of all cities of the world Constantinople is memorable for its sieges, the most numerous and the most momentous in the records of history. For long centuries together the city was a besieged fortress, and during nearly eight centuries her vast fortifications resisted the efforts of all foreign invaders. Goths, Huns, Avars, Slavs, Persians, Saracens, Bulgarians, Hungarians, Turks, and Russians, have continually assailed and menaced them in vain. Great conquerors such as Zabergan, Chosroës, Muavia, Omar, Moslemah, Crumn, Haroun-al-Raschid, Bayazid, failed to shake them. For ten years a Persian camp stood in arms at Chalcedon across the Bosphorus; for years the Saracens assailed it year by year in vain (674-677, and 717-718). These sieges were not mere expeditions against a single stronghold; they involved the fate of an empire and a religion. Had pagans, fire-worshippers, or Musulmans, nomad hordes, or devastating Mongols succeeded in piercing these walls before the fifteenth century, the course of civilization would have been seriously changed. For a thousand years these crumbling ram-

¹ They have been collected and explained by Dr. Paspates in his *Buğavriai Melérai*.

parts, which to-day we see in such pathetic desolation, were the bulwark of European civilization, of the traditions of Rome, of the Christendom of the East, and in no small degree of learning, arts, and commerce, until the great mediæval reconstruction was ready to appear.

It is a striking proof of the enormous persistency of Byzantine history that the Bulgarians and Russians, both of whom are still pressing eagerly onwards with longing eyes set on the city of the Bosphorus, have been from time to time renewing these attacks for more than a thousand years. It was in 813 that Crumm, the great king of the Bulgarians, opened his terrible onslaught; and it was nearly two centuries later that Basil, "the slayer of the Bulgarians," began his triumphant campaign against that secular foe. The first siege of Constantinople by Moslems, that of the Saracen Muavia in 673, began nearly eight centuries before the last Moslem siege, that under the Ottoman conqueror in 1453. And the first attack on Constantinople by Russians, in 865, was separated by more than a thousand years from their last attack, when they reached San Stefano within sight of the minarets. For all this thousand years the Russian has hungered and thirsted for the "Sacred City," whether it were held by Romans, Greeks, Latins, or Ottomans — and hitherto he has hungered and thirsted in vain.

They count more than twenty sieges in all; but the most memorable are undoubtedly the triumphant repulse of Persians and Avars in the reign of Heraclius, in 616, and again in 626; the glorious defeat of the Saracens in 673, in the reign of Constantine IV., and again in 717, in the reign of Leo III.; and lastly, the two successful sieges, when Constantinople was captured by the Venetians and Crusaders in 1203-4; and again when it was stormed by Mohammed the Conqueror in 1453. Of all memorable and romantic sieges on record these two are the most impressive to the historic imagination, by virtue of the crowding of

dramatic incidents, the singular energy and wonderful resources they display, and the vast issues which hung on the event. The siege of Tyre by Alexander, of Syracuse by Nicias, of Carthage by Scipio, the two sieges of Jerusalem by Titus and by Godfrey, the successive sackings of Rome, the defence of Rhodes and Malta against the Turks — none of these can quite equal in vivid color and breathless interest the two great captures of Constantinople, and certainly the last. It stands out on the canvas of history by the magnitude of the issues involved to religion, to nations, to civilization, in the glowing incidents of the struggle, in the heroism of the defence and of the attack, in the dramatic catastrophe and personal contrast of two typical chiefs, one at the head of the conquerors and the other of the defeated. And by a singular fortune, this thrilling drama, in a great turning-point of human civilization, has been told in the most splendid chapter of the most consummate history which our language has produced.

The storming and sack of Constantinople in the Fourth Crusade by a mixed host of Venetian, Flemish, Italian, and French filibusters, a story so well told by Mr. E. Pears in his excellent monograph, was not only one of the most extraordinary adventures of the Middle Ages, but one of the most wanton crimes against civilization committed by feudal lawlessness and religious bigotry, at a time of confusion and superstition. It is a dark blot on the record of the Church and on the memory of Innocent III., and a standing monument of the anarchy and rapacity to which feudalism was liable to degenerate. The sack of Constantinople by the so-called soldiers of the cross in the thirteenth century was far more bloodthirsty, more wanton, more destructive than the storming of Constantinople by the followers of Mahomet in the fifteenth century. It had far less historic justification, it had more disastrous effects on human progress, and it introduced a less valuable and less enduring type of civilized life.

The crusaders, who had no serious aim but plunder, effected nothing but destruction. They practically annihilated the East Roman Empire, which never recovered from this fatal blow. It is true that the Byzantine Empire had been rapidly decaying for more than a century, and that its indispensable service to civilization was completed. But the Crusading buccaneers burned down a great part of the richest city of Europe, which was a museum and remnant of antiquity; they wantonly destroyed priceless works of art, buildings, books, records, and documents. They effected nothing of their own purpose; and what they indirectly caused was a stimulus to Italian commerce, the dispersion through Europe of some arts, and the removal of the last barrier against the entrance of the Moslem into Europe.

The conquest by the Ottomans in the fifteenth century was a very different thing—a problem too complex to be hastily touched. Europe, as we have seen, was by that time strong enough to win in the long and tremendous struggle with Islam; it was ready to receive and use the profound intellectual and artistic impulse which was caused by the dispersion of the Byzantine Greeks. The Ottoman conquest was no mere raid, but the foundation of a European empire now in the fifth century of its existence. The wonderful tale of the rise, zenith, wane, and decay of the European empire of the Padishah of Roum—one of the least familiar to the general reader—is borne in upon the traveller to Stamboul in the series of magnificent mosques of the conquering sultans of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, in the exquisite fountains, the mausoleums, the khans and fortresses, minarets and towers, and the strange city of kiosques, palaces, gates, gardens, and terraces, known to us as the Seraglio. In these vast and stately mosques, in the profusion of glowing ornament, porcelains, tiles, and carvings, in the

incongruous jumble of styles, in the waste, squalor, and tawdry remnants of the abandoned palace of the Padishahs, we read the history of the Ottoman Turks for the last five centuries—splendor beside ruin, exquisite art beside clumsy imitation, courage and pride beside apathy and despair, a magnificent soldiery as of old with a dogged persistency that dies hard, a patient submission to inevitable destiny besides fervor, loyalty, dignity, and a race patriotism which are not to be found in the rank and file of European capitals.

But Stamboul is not only a school of Byzantine history; it has rich lessons of European history. We see the Middle Ages living there still unreformed—the Middle Ages with their color and their squalor, their ignorance and credulity, their heroism and self-devotion, their traditions, resignation, patience, and passionate faith. We can imagine ourselves in some city of the early Middle Ages, the meeting place of nations, Venice or Genoa, Paris or Rome, or even old Rome in the age of Trajan, where races, religions, costumes, ideas, and occupations meet side by side but do not mix. The Moslem, the Armenian, the Greek, the Jew, the Catholic, have their own quarters, dress, language, worship, occupation, law, and government. They pass as if invisible to each other, and will neither eat, pray, work, trade, or converse with each other. Stand upon the bridge across the Golden Horn, or in the lovely cloister of Bayazid, and watch the green-turbaned hadjis, the softas, hammals, itinerant vendors, soldiers and sailors, boatmen and mendicants, Roumelian and Anatolian peasants, with all the cosmopolitan collection of the busy and the idle, from the Danube to the Euphrates. It is the East and the West on their one neutral meeting ground, the one Oriental spot still left in Europe, the one mediæval capital that has survived into the nineteenth century.

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THE DEAN OF KILLERINE.

BY THE ABBÉ PREVOST.

1765.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

APPROBATION.

I have read by order of Monseigneur the Chancellor, the Doyen de Killerine, a Romance by the late M. l'Abbé Prévost, and I have found nothing in it to hinder the appearance of a new edition.

ARNOULT.

Paris, January 11, 1771.

PRIVILEGE OF THE KING.

Louis, by the Grace of God King of France and of Navarre, to our beloved and faithful Councillors, holding the Sessions of our Parliaments, Masters of Requests ordinarily concerning our Household, our Grand Councillors, the Provost of Paris, Bailiffs, Seneschals, their Civil Lieutenants, and other officers of justice to whom may appertain such masters : SALUTATION. Our beloved the Sieur J. B. Henry, printer and publisher at Lille, etc., has made known to us that he desires to print and give to the Public Le Doyen de Killerine [here follows the title page as below] if it pleases us to grant him our Letters of Privilege for that purpose.

FOR THESE REASONS wishing favorably to consider the wishes of the said Henry we have permitted and do permit him by these presents to print the said work as often as may seem good to him, and to sell it, cause it to be sold, and exposed for sale throughout our kingdom *for six years consecutively* beginning from the day of the date of these presents. Forbidding all other printers and publishers and other persons of whatsoever quality and condition they may be to bring any foreign imprint of this book into any place owing to us obedience. As also to print, or cause to be printed, sold, or cause to be sold, put forth or imitated the said work, or to make any extracts from it, under any pretext whatsoever, without the express permission of the said Henry or those who hold the right of giving it from him, under penalty of the confiscation of all copies and of a fine of three thousand livres for every such infraction, one third of such fine being paid over to us, one third to the Hotel-Dieu in Paris, and the other third to the said Henry ; or to whoever has the right to represent him, his expenses and his interests. To the end that these presents

shall be registered and inscribed on the Register of the Guild of Printers and Publishers of Paris within three months of the date of this same ; that the Printing of the work shall be done in our kingdom and not elsewhere, on good paper, with good type, in accordance with the Rules that regulate Printing, and especially that put forth on April 10, 1725, on pain of the withdrawal of the present Privilege ; that before its being offered for sale the MS. of the copy from which it has been printed shall be placed in the same state it was when the approbation was given in the hands of our dear and faithful Knight, Chancellor, and Keeper of the Seals in France, and that 2 copies of the book shall afterwards be placed in our Public Library, one in our Château of the Louvre, one in that of the afore indicated Sieur de Maupeou, all under pain of the retraction of this Privilege, with the contents of which we charge you to make the said Henry acquainted, fully and peaceably and not to suffer him to endure any trouble or hindrance. We desire that a copy of these presents shall be printed in full at the beginning or the end of this work, and that all our beloved and faithful councillors shall put faith in it as they would in the original. We likewise order our first Bailiff or Sargeant to do everything needful for the execution of this Order, to attend to all Acts needful and requisite, without asking further permission, notwithstanding any clamor of Haro, of charter of Normandy, or Letters contrary. For such is our good pleasure. Given at Paris the 27th day of February in the year of grace 1771 and the 56th of our reign. By the King and his Council.

Signed LA BEGUE.

Registered on Register XVIII. of the Royal Chamber and Syndicate of the Printers and Publishers of Paris No. 1435, folio 451, according to the Regulations of 1723. Paris, March 3, 1771.

J. BERISSANT, *Syndic*.

PREFACE.

"THE DEAN OF KILLERINE, a Moral Story. In part composed from the records of an illustrious Irish family, and adorned with all that can make its perusal useful and agreeable. By the Abbé Prévost, author of 'Les Mémoires d'un homme de Qualité.' A new edition. Illustrated. Printed at Lille by J. B. Henry, printer and pub-

lisher. 1771. With the privilege and approbation of the King."

Such is the title-page of the copy from which this translation is made. The illustrations are admirable, many of them are by Greuze. The work appeared as a serial in twelve parts, published afterwards in six volumes, each containing about two hundred and thirty pages.

It has of course been necessary to abridge the narrative, but the style and exact words of the author have been as much as possible preserved.

He says in his preface: "Notwithstanding the complaints we daily hear concerning the vitiated literary taste of our own age, I cannot see that good writers fail of success. Has not full justice been done of late years to excellent works upon all manner of subjects: to the treatise on the aurora borealis; to notes upon insects; to scenes from nature; to the history of ancient monarchies; to lives of the Emperor Julian, and the Vicomte de Turenne? Have the authors of these works any right to complain of their reception by the public? And if we turn to poetry or plays have we not works that have been gloriously distinguished? 'True,' some one may object, 'but what do you say of the multitude of poor productions which have issued from the press, and which seem to have also attained a certain popularity? Good taste ought to have taught men to discern in literature good work from bad.'

"I concede that unjust praises have been bestowed upon poor books, but I ask in return whether the success of such books may not have been due to their ill-natured remarks upon society; to the keen edge of their satire, or to the license with which they have made war upon morality and religion?

"Happy, no doubt, is the writer who can please his readers, provided he has no cause to blush for the way in which he gained his popularity. If these pages that I am now committing to the press fail to satisfy the good literary taste I have been claiming for our age, I shall at least take satisfac-

tion in the thought that I had rather give up all pretensions to literary merit, than attain popularity by means that I cannot approve. My circumstances do not permit me to select for my literary labors subjects that need much time or strict retirement; I can only make use of such materials as lie ready to my hand, taking care that they are simple, honest, and interesting. These three requirements are indispensable to my situation. Simplicity, because it makes my work more easy; honesty (or, in other words, morality), because it is demanded by my principles and my profession; and thirdly, I must aim at what is interesting, because it will facilitate the circulation of my work and further my principal objects in writing.

"Now these three things will be found united in this story, and I cannot be too glad of the chance which threw the materials which compose it into my hands. It would not greatly interest my readers if I related how I came by them; it is enough to say that the heirs of the illustrious brothers who figure in these pages, having been interested in some of my previous volumes, judged that I was a person who might worthily be trusted to edit and rewrite the original manuscripts. They made me promise that I would conceal real names, and that was, I think, the only thing that they exacted of me. I have taken the liberty of changing and omitting some details of domestic life in Ireland, which might have been found tedious, or possibly have provoked the ridicule of French readers.

"I have been very careful not to impair the moral tone of the original manuscript. It seemed to me as I studied the character of the Dean of Killerine that in this history of his family he had endeavored to show how far the service of religion can be made compatible with the maxims and usages of the polite world. He has endeavored to make us understand how far a Christian may conform to the laws that govern good society, and where his compliance ought to end. In this first part of the work you will not, dear

reader, fail to remark in the character of the dean and in those of his brothers and sister, little traits which will prepare you to expect what is likely to follow. George is an honest man, with no principles but such as we might call those of natural morality. The dean is a Christian, through and through. He sets out in life with a strictness which he sees cause to modify as he subsequently mixes in society, and perceives the necessity of making some allowances for the weakness of human nature. Patrick and Rose seem to me to be ambiguous characters, amiable but weak, calculated only to give opportunity to the two principal personages to act up to their principles, and thus exhibit the essential difference between two honest men, the one brought up in the maxims of the world, the other who is endeavoring to follow out the precepts of Christianity. . . .

"I hope to give my readers the second part of 'The Dean of Killerine' in about six weeks, and to bring out the rest at intervals of a month's time. The work is sufficiently advanced to make me feel sure I can keep to this agreement. The work will consist of twelve parts which will comprise six volumes."

THE DEAN OF KILLERINE.

PART FIRST.

It is less my own history that I wish to tell the public than that of my sister and my two brothers. My story begins when I had reached the age of forty, and the profession I had chosen seemed to promise me as tranquil an existence for the rest of my life as up to that time I had enjoyed. Church preferment, with a sufficient income, a comfortable house, a disposition which made me happy and contented with my duties as a pastor, and a love of retirement and study, made up an existence exactly suited to my circumstances, and, as I had chosen my own lot in life, it seemed improbable that I would wish for change.

By birth I had received advantages which I had renounced of my own free will. I was an elder son. But I will

not here conceal the causes which led me to give up this position, causes which Heaven made use of to inspire me early in life with a distaste for the world, and with a love for solitude. I had been born with three deformities, which all the care and skill that could be given me failed to alleviate. My legs were crooked, though not unserviceable, being sufficiently of the same length as to enable me to walk. I had a hump upon my back, and another on my chest, and what was worse my face was disfigured by two immense warts, one over each eye, which stuck out from my forehead like two short horns. I had besides a very big head, and a short body. In fact, I was by nature destined for some vocation different from that to which I had been born; for society is less lenient to imperfections of the body than to deformities of the soul.

So from the first moment that I really understood my situation I formed a resolution to renounce the world, which cost me little, as I had no inclination to enter it. But though my mother had died at my birth, my father showed no disposition to contract a second marriage, and this made him seriously oppose my wish to be an ecclesiastic. He loved me, though it must have taken a great deal of parental feeling on his part to find me lovable. He tried by all means to combat the poor opinion I had of myself, often assuring me that talent and good sense (which, he assured me, I had more of than most people of my age) would supply the place of those bodily advantages which nature had denied me; and when I insisted on my uncomeliness and deformity, he would tell me, laughing, that he meant I should marry early, and give him grandchildren better looking than myself.

In truth, he lost no time after I had completed my sixteenth year in looking me out a wife, saying nothing, however, to me upon the subject. He found a lady, the handsomest, I think, in all our province, and, without telling me of his purpose, took me to visit her. I found her charming, and what sur-

prised me, considering the unfavorable opinion I had formed of myself, was that she was full of amiability and of attentions for me, treating me with as much consideration as I could have hoped had I felt for her anything like a tender passion, or had I been likely to inspire her with any such feelings.

Ambition had produced on her the effect that is generally awakened by love. She was my inferior in birth, and my father having told her what his object was in bringing me to make this visit, she thought less of the deformities of my person than of the rank of countess which would be hers in case she became my wife. Our house, though it had lost much of its ancient splendor, was of the very first rank in the county of Antrim. We traced our lineage to Donnewald O'Neal, who had once reigned over our part of Ireland, which its people call Cui Guilly, but which the English have called Ulster. Indeed everything had changed since Cromwell and Ireton had reduced our hapless country to slavery; and the yoke pressed as heavily on the nobility as on the peasantry. There were few who did not feel the pressure of poverty; and our own family having remained faithful to the old religion, my father labored under additional disadvantages, and had to give up many things to which by birth he had a claim. All hope in many ways seemed cut off from his posterity. Still we kept up our position in the county, and the humiliations to which we were subjected by the English were counterbalanced by the high estimation in which we were held by Irishmen. Our wealth, though we had suffered greatly by civil war, was still sufficient to enable us to keep up our position better than other noble families in Ulster who had been utterly despoiled by the cruelty and cupidity of our conquerors.

My father having remarked that my deformities seemed to make little impression on the young lady whom he had chosen for my wife, thought his plan was sure of success, having no idea that any opposition to it would come from me; and, indeed, I hardly

know how it happened that my heart was not in the least touched by the young lady, for although I am by nature a serious character, I have always been ready to respond to any overtures of friendship or affection. Perhaps Heaven, which designed me for another life, preserved me from temptation. Be that as it may, nothing could exceed the surprise and disappointment of my father when I reiterated to him my resolution to live and die unmarried. In vain would he have moved me by persuasions; in vain he ordered me. All he could obtain was my promise that I would go with him, whenever he pleased, to visit the young lady. I accompanied him to her house often and was received on a most friendly footing, when one day, being left alone with the lady, I spoke to her of a design that I had been forming, the success of which has made me grateful to Heaven ever since that I was preserved from the temptation of falling in love.

She had been asking me some questions about my father, and I told her that, not being yet forty and in perfect health, it seemed strange that he could never be persuaded to think of a second marriage; that marriage would be far more suitable for him than for me; that I was too well aware of my personal deformity not to feel that all that I had to offer would be but a poor gift to a lady like herself, and that in justice to her and by reason of the great regard and respect I had conceived for her, I could not but wish, both for her own happiness and for the honor of our house, that my father, instead of proposing me to her as a suitor, would offer her his heart and hand. I added that I was perfectly sincere, and that if she would only give me to understand that she would not discourage his suit I had strong hopes I could bring him to see the matter as I did. Then, seeing she was a good deal embarrassed how to answer me, I assured her again of my good faith, and asked her to be quite frank with me.

She said she had felt herself greatly honored by my suit, but that since I was so little inclined to marry she

would own that she had been much attracted by the idea of an alliance with our house, and that if the son did not wish to marry she would look favorably on his father's suit. I felt great joy when I heard her speak thus, and let her perceive my satisfaction. Then, being persuaded that I was quite in earnest, she entrusted me with the conduct of the affair, assuring me that she would do her best to make herself agreeable to my father if he became her suitor.

As my father's only reason for indifference to women was his tender remembrance of my mother, whom he had passionately loved, it was not hard for a charming young woman who had both beauty and ability, to capture his heart, in spite of tender memories already weakened by the lapse of time. I did my best to bring this end about, and I had two motives for desiring the marriage. I wished to see my father happy, I hoped also to obtain his permission to follow the bent of my inclination and to enter the priesthood.

All turned out according to my wishes. I gained a step-mother who, as long as she lived, I regarded with affection and respect. A year after the marriage Heaven sent me a little brother, and his birth set me free to follow the vocation pointed out to me by circumstances.

I studied for the priesthood at Carrickfergus under certain Roman ecclesiastics who imparted instruction in secret in divine and secular learning. I spent several years at Carrickfergus, and did not return home until I had received Holy Orders from the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh. Thenceforward I was the sworn servant of Heaven, and I debated within myself to which of the two kinds of work then open to a faithful priest in Ireland I should devote myself. Since the establishment of the reformed religion there were few towns—indeed few villages—inhabited exclusively by Catholics. Still, in many places might be found enough to form good-sized parishes which were placed under the care of a parish priest or of a dean. Occasion-

ally this latter had charge of several priests. In other parts of the kingdom in which there are barely two Catholics to a hundred Protestants, their spiritual welfare was put under the care of roving missionaries, who visited each place from time to time, ministering to the few who were faithful, and endeavoring to bring back into the communion of the Church of Rome¹ such persons as they might be able to win over in secret, for they were obliged to be extremely prudent, and to keep if possible within the bounds of the law, for if they were regular clergy (that is belonging to any of the religious orders) they could do nothing which would not subject them to condign punishment. It was death for them even to have set foot upon the soil of Ireland. I might have been led by zeal to throw in my lot with these faithful men whose work was both laborious and apostolical, but the earnest remonstrances of my father and of my step-mother prevailed, and I engaged in pastoral work in the parish nearest to their abode.

It was in a little town called Killerine or Coloraine, situated on the river Bann in a remote corner of the county of Antrim and in the jurisdiction of Londonderry. The Roman religion had so well retained its hold there, that it was professed by nearly all the inhabitants. The clergy were numerous in that district, and the dean, their chief, was hardly of less importance than a bishop. I settled in that town as a parish priest, after having been commissioned by the Archbishop of Armagh, and I lived there several years in perfect peace, dividing my time between the active duties of my profession and the study of the Holy Epistles. I passed ten years in this quiet life when, the dean having died, my birth and the consideration felt throughout the province for my father, seemed to point me out as the proper person to succeed him. I felt constrained to accept the offered dignity, though conscious of my disadvantages; but I resolved in my own mind to do my best to make up for my

¹ The expressions "Roman" "Church of Rome," etc., are those of the dean, not of the translator.

lack of ability and learning, by fulfilling my duties with all possible fidelity and care.

Meantime, Heaven had continued to bless my father's marriage. His wife brought him a second son five years after the birth of the first, and two years later came a daughter. These children were so well dowered with nature's gifts, that it seemed as if she wished to make amends to our family for her scanty benefits to me. George, the eldest, at fourteen was esteemed the handsomest and most elegant young man in the province. Patrick, his brother, though he grew up less tall and stout, was everywhere remarked for his very great beauty of face and figure. As for their sister, whose name was Rose, it was said there had not been in Antrim for many a year a creature so perfect or so lovable. I saw them growing up with great delight, and often asked my father if he were not glad he had accepted the duty of providing heirs for his title and estates, and had let me enter the ministry.

His residence was not far from Killerine, and I was there often. Without neglecting the duties of my calling, I was able to watch over the education of these children, who were as dear to me as to their parents, and I fitted the boys to enter Trinity College, Dublin. There they distinguished themselves by their proficiency.

Heaven, alas! while they were still in Dublin, took their mother to itself, but, though their father's first thought was to call them home to comfort him, I persuaded him to let them finish their college course, while Rose and I endeavored to cheer him.

The young men came home from Dublin just such young fellows as I had hoped they would be, that is to say, they had the education and the manner that befitted their birth, their minds and bodies being so trained that they were likely to do credit to all who had charge of them.

Yet, I could not but feel that all these advantages would, in a worldly sense, profit them little. Their religion

was an obstacle not to be overcome by personal merit, and with every gift that, under ordinary circumstances, would have led them to distinction, they would be condemned like their father to lead an obscure country life, and aspire to nothing but a calm round of domestic occupations.

With this thought always in my mind, I had tried to inspire them with a taste for learning. I knew, of course, that, although their religion debarred them from all civil employments, it did not prevent their following the profession of arms, but I knew also, that ambition to win promotion might expose them to temptation, and the example of sundry noblemen who had changed their religion to promote their own advancement, showed me what I might fear for them if they embraced a military career. I made my father share my sentiments, and he agreed that we had better wait a while, and see what opportunity might present itself of pushing their fortunes. A time might come when we might be more free; when a monarch might rule over us less hostile to the Roman religion than King William III.

So, for several years our young men spent their time in hunting, in study, and in such small amusements as could be found in a remote country neighborhood. I saw them often. Ours was a most affectionate and united family. But, calmly and happily as our lives flowed on, I had some anxious moments when I pondered over the characters and dispositions of my two brothers.

In their opinions, their tastes, and choice of study I perceived a difference that proceeded from their dispositions. Both were men of parts, but their abilities were of a different order.

George perceived rather than reasoned; or, perhaps, as he was naturally prompt, bold, and decided, he had acquired a habit of judging at first sight, and seemed as if he did not care to take the trouble of examining and reasoning. Though he often was proved wrong, that made but little difference. He stuck to his first opinion,

and it was very hard to make him own himself mistaken. Besides this, everything appealed strongly to his imagination, and any strong impression made on him at first, was sure afterwards to govern him. Thus, quiet as was the life he led, I could see that he was eager to take his part in the affairs of the great world. He had seen something of society in Dublin, and the books he read made him still more desirous to share its advantages, its attractions, and its pleasures. The nobility of his birth, and the misfortune of having been born in a country like Ireland, together with the ever-present hope that some happy revolution might bring about a change of government, and open for him a career, in spite of his religion, were the constant subjects of his thoughts and conversation. His books were all of history or romance. His tastes were for an active life, for advancement, for a position in the world. He was at the same time right-minded as to all matters of principle, kind-hearted, honest, generous, sober, and brave; in a word, he had all the qualities which, so far as the world goes, make an honorable man.

Patrick, though five years younger, had a more complex and difficult character. No face was more attractive, no disposition more engaging. He was always ready to oblige, to give up, to acknowledge other people's merits, to admit himself mistaken, when he discovered he was wrong; nay, he would even express gratitude towards the person who convinced him of an error, and in all this he showed such grace, and so little affectation, that it seemed wonderful to find so much docility in a young man possessing such natural and acquired gifts as he had. But the strange thing was that while Patrick was thought so charming by other people, he was never on good terms with himself. Nothing really satisfied him, nothing made him happy. There was always a void in his heart, which neither occupations nor amusements seemed to fill. He might be the life of a party of pleasure, but had little en-

joyment of it himself. His face looked calm and bright, but his heart was sad and lonely. He knew not what he lacked, but a sense that something was wanting prevented his being happy.

All this he has told me a hundred times, grieving over it as over a misfortune. All the duties he owed to society he fulfilled, but social obligations were often irksome to him. He would have preferred solitude. His books were his consolation. A noble sentiment, a well-sustained argument, pleased him more than wealth or honor, since for a moment they animated his heart, which was weary of its emptiness.

Such was Patrick in his early youth, and as I have known him all his life. But I did not understand him thoroughly for a long time. When he came home from the university I perceived that there was something wrong in him, but for a long time I found him an enigma. When at last I prevailed on him to open his heart to me, I offered him a remedy which I am certain, had he taken it, would have given him relief, but it involved too many sacrifices, sacrifices which Patrick was not then prepared to make. In vain I tried to make him see that his craving for some unknown and mysterious good might be a blessed call from God to devote himself to his service; my exhortations were of no avail. Not that Patrick had any repugnance to the ordinary duties of religion, but he had no fervor for the exalted piety of which I preached, and which I thought would give him peace and happiness. It will be seen by what steps Heaven led him to that end. But if I had to study the characters of my brothers there was no need to study that of Rose. Hers was written in her face. The lovely blushes on her cheeks showed her soul's purity. Every emotion of her heart revealed itself on her sweet features. Loving, gentle, modest, with a mind as well regulated as her behavior, it had never occurred to her to fancy that a woman could have any aim in life but to minister with tender care to the wants of her dear father, and all

others whom she loved. I sometimes wondered how it was that with the mental gifts I knew her to possess, she could go on so quietly and happily, day after day, in a little round of uninteresting amusements and occupations. She was lovely without knowing it; she pleased without intending it, and, though she had a mind above her occupations, she entered into trivial things with interest, because she knew no better. Her life was perfect peace. Her existence seemed made up of goodness, love, and virtue. Several times I had been upon the point of giving her the same mental training as I gave her brothers, but I refrained, fearing to impair the innocence so lovely in a maiden.

However, when she was about fifteen I began to perceive a change. Whether it was that George's talk had awakened new ideas, or whether it was merely the result of growing older, I could not tell, but I saw more sparkle in her eyes, and much less simplicity in her manners. She would flush with delight when any one proposed a party of pleasure. She began to love reading, but she read only such books as were loved by George, and I found out by chance that he was lending her novels. I scolded both of them. Rose promised me to give up such a foolish waste of time, and I think she kept her promise, but I began to perceive that these books had taught her her own value, and had instructed her in things which till then she had never known.

Whenever I went to see my brothers and sister, I renewed my good advice and repeated my exhortations. The affection they felt for me, and the confidence they had that I was only speaking for their good, made them put up with my observations, especially as I was always careful to make them kindly. They knew that their father looked to me to regulate the conduct of his family, and when that dear, good father was on his deathbed, they were all eager to comfort him in his last moments by promising to show me the same docility and obedience they had always shown to him; whilst I prom-

ised on my side to do to them a father's part, and to look upon their happiness as my first object, treating them with all tenderness and care. After we had all promised what our father wished, we embraced each other in his presence, and he died in peace, happy, doubtless, in the thought that he had been to us the kindest of fathers, and had secured the sincere attachment and respect of his children.

His death made little change in the habits of his household. George, being twenty-five, took his place as head of the family, beseeching me to render him any help he might need by my advice and experience.

Patrick was twenty, Rose seventeen, and we were all living the quietest of lives, when it pleased Providence to bring about a very different future for us from that which we had anticipated. We were to live in another land, with other fortunes, other occupations, other interests, and other cares; with adventures, anxieties, and excitements without end. We have now reached that point where this narrative really begins.

Though trade and commerce were not flourishing at that time in Ireland, and few ports except Carrickfergus and Londonderry had much intercourse with foreign nations, vessels found their way occasionally to little towns situated upon navigable rivers. We were thus able to import direct wine, oil, and other things not grown in Ireland, and Killerine being only about two miles from the sea on the river Bann had its part in this direct trade with foreign countries.

About a year after my father's death there came into our little port a French vessel laden with wine, whose captain did me the honor of coming at once to see me, as head of the Catholics in that city. He was a young man named Des Pesses, good-looking and very courteous, a quality rare in those who follow the sea. I received him with the cordiality due to a stranger, particularly to one who came from France, for all in our household knew French, and had naturally an interest in those who

spoke it as their mother tongue. What I saw of Monsieur des Pesses made me like him for his own sake. I begged him to come and see me often, and, as I became better acquainted with him, I took him to see my brothers and our sister, feeling sure that his society would give them pleasure. In fact, they liked him so much that every time I went to visit them they looked to see if I were accompanied by M. des Pesses, and were disappointed (particularly Rose) if he were not with me.

It may be well imagined that the charms of France made a large part of our conversation, and that M. des Pesses was eloquent on such a theme. He dwelt upon the beauty of Languedoc and Provence until they seemed to us like fairyland. He had lived long in Paris, and all he said of it excited our admiration. George and Rose were never tired of listening to him. Even Patrick awoke to new sensations. It was Orpheus charming Sisyphus into forgetfulness of his troubles.

One day when we had been listening to M. des Pesses, he said gravely that it was surprising to him that my brothers, at their age with their rank and their advantages, should be willing to remain buried alive in our remote part of Ireland, when it was in their power to quit it and to live much more agreeably in the most beautiful city in the world; that in the past ten years thousands of noble Irishmen had left their country, M. Dillon, for example, whom he knew well, and who had been loaded with favors as soon as he made his appearance at Versailles. That besides the career of arms, there were other roads to fortune open to foreigners of noble birth, and any such could not fail to find protection and employment at the court of the Grand Monarque, some of whose subjects who were wealthier than sovereign princes in other countries, delighted to follow the generous example set them by their master. Paris, too, offered many ways of making a fortune. The gaming table, for example, put great sums often in one night into the pockets of both Frenchmen and foreigners; or a

handsome man might if he pleased secure a fortune by a wealthy marriage. Still more might a lady so charming as our Rose expect to find lovers at her feet, for no rank, no fortune, no position, and no merit could be too much to place at her disposal.

Besides all this, M. des Pesses added that nowhere was there to be found such appreciation for art, learning, and intellect, as in the French capital; and that my brothers and sister, having all these things, had no right to bury themselves in Ireland and to deprive the world, and France in particular, of the opportunity to admire them.

By such conversation M. des Pesses produced a great impression on his hearers. George looked at Rose and Patrick as he talked, as if to discover what they thought, and reading his own sentiments in their eyes, he turned to me, and asked me if other noble Irishmen emigrated to France, was there any good reason why his own family should not imitate them?

I own I hesitated. I saw that my sister's cheeks flushed as M. des Pesses enlarged upon the prospect of many suitors, that George was charmed by what he said of the court, and I felt that M. Dillon's example was very much to the point. George had been his fellow-student at the University of Dublin. Dillon was not richer or more noble than ourselves, nor had he any more claim upon the favors of the court. Alas, too, I could see that the mention of the gaming tables (called Académies) with the prospect of becoming rich by one stroke of fortune, had its effect on George. As for Patrick, who was already dissatisfied with everything around him, it was sufficient to propose any change to win his support.

I replied that expatriation demanded reflection; that to make plans was easy, but to execute them was often difficult. I talked of expense, of uncertainty, of the difficulty of selling our own property; I put forward a thousand other objections. They seemed to listen to my arguments, but a few days later George took me aside and

told me that having heard all they could from M. des Pesses, they had all three determined to do as he advised them. It was true that I had pointed out many difficulties and many perils, but all these could be guarded against if I would consent to go with them. I could surely obtain ecclesiastical preferment in Paris. Rose would be almost sure of an eligible husband; he and Patrick had always their swords, and, thank Heaven, good blood in their veins, which could not fail, as a last resource, to open to them the road to advancement. All they wanted was that I should continue to hold a father's place, for they had every confidence in my wisdom and affection.

I could see that George's mind was fully made up. I knew that he and Patrick had no chance for employment under the English government; I could feel the force of their desire to live in a Catholic country, but I could not see that the same reasons operated in my own case. It seemed to me my duty to tend the flock over which Providence had placed me. I knew that missionary priests from France and from the Low Countries were coming constantly into Ireland, and, in peril of their lives, were exhorting the faithful to remain firm, and backsliders to return to the faith. While they were leaving their own countries to serve God in ours, was it for me, an Irishman, to show less zeal for the salvation of my own countrymen? Besides, I loved my life at Killerine, and my duties there.

In spite of all this, however, I remained undecided. How could I let those whom I had engaged to serve, encounter perils of all sorts when I was not near to protect them? The Gospel teaches us to do good to our neighbor, but the nearer the ties that bind us to that neighbor, the stronger our duty to him seems to be. I had no one in the world belonging to me but my brothers and my sister. This reflection turned the scale. I said I would go with them. They promised me obedience.

I determined not to give up my benefice in Killerine. I imagined that

when I had seen my family established in France, I should return to Ireland, and lead my old life among my own people. I left them, therefore, in my assistant's hands. But Heaven was preparing for me another career, and assigning me very different duties. I was about to begin a course of life most foreign to all the antecedents of a man of my character and my profession.

George, as soon as he had secured my consent, set about trying to find a purchaser for the estates of our ancestors. In any other part of the world our property would have sold for enough to give us a sufficient income to live upon in any part of Europe. As it was we could only expect to get about a third of its value. Some lands near Killerine proved so unsalable that I made them over to my substitute, with an understanding that he was to give them up if I returned, or in any manner disposed of them.

We were not long in taking our departure. It was agreed that we should embark with M. des Pesses, who was kind enough to promise he would land us at Dieppe, whence the road to Paris is short and not difficult to travel.

We had a pleasant voyage. M. des Pesses went ashore with us out of civility, and his company was the means of our making a most fortunate acquaintance. At the hotel where we all stayed he perceived a French merchant whom he knew, and his wife whom he knew also, and their children. He bowed to them at once, but we could see that they were not glad that he had recognized them. As he knew them to be Protestants, and as numbers of such people were at that time endeavoring to pass over the Channel into the British Isles, there to enjoy the free exercise of their religion, which had been forbidden in France by reason of the Edicts of the King, he guessed at once that his friends were of the number of the fugitives, and that fears of being arrested had caused them to show no signs of pleasure at seeing him. He would not, on any account, have done them an ill turn, and at once proceeded to relieve their minds by

telling them that while he guessed their purpose, he was far from wishing to put any obstacles in the way of such exiles for conscience' sake, but, on the contrary, admired the zeal which made them prefer their faith to their fortune.

Thus, having gained their confidence, he made them acquainted with us, and we all supped together, after they had besought us to say and do nothing which might cause the people at the hotel to suspect them.

We could not but be amused at the oddity of our situation, and made some observations on the ways of Providence which sometimes permits truth and error to produce very similar effects. Each party, of course, considered itself in possession of the truth, and this afforded us some amusement. The merchant and his family were giving up their country to enjoy in ours the free exercise of their religion, whilst we were seeking religious liberty in theirs. For, if religion were not the first motive in our emigration, it was at the bottom of our resolution to seek an asylum in France. Thus our object, though one party was Catholic, and the other Protestant, was precisely the same; but our views on religion were so different, that one party or the other could not but be decidedly wrong, so that in making one of the greatest sacrifices man can make for liberty of conscience, either they or we were doing what was useless and in error.

We parted with fervent aspirations for each other's conversion, but before our party broke up M. des Pesses asked the merchant if he had been so fortunate as to put his property in safety. He replied that the principal part of what he owned was in goods and ready money. Thus he had sent both over to England, but, fearing to draw suspicion on himself, he had not returned, before he left, to sell a pretty little country house he owned not far from Paris, which would probably be seized on by his Catholic relations as soon as they should discover his escape from France.

"Heaven," cried M. des Pesses, ad-

ressing himself to the merchant, and to me, "Heaven has inspired me with an idea which may be to both of you of great advantage. You have left lands in Ireland, — monsieur has left a house and grounds near Paris, why should you not make an exchange? In this way you will each save something. I presume neither party will make any difficulty as to the relative value of the two pieces of property, and I feel sure that when your motives for exiling yourselves from your respective countries shall be known to those in power, you will easily secure protection which will put you in possession of your property. Draw up deeds of sale, or deeds of gift, and a little favor in high places will do the rest."

The merchant agreed at once, M. des Pesses having assured him that I had left property in Ireland, and I trusted to the assurance of the same gentleman as to his. We drew up the two deeds in the most legal forms, and we parted, mutually pleased with the transaction. I shall never forget the name of the excellent man to whom our family was indebted for its first home in France. He was called M. de Lézeau. The esteem we felt for him, and the interest with which he had inspired us, caused us to linger a week in Dieppe until we had seen him leave France in safety.

I was much astonished, when the time came for our departure, to hear M. des Pesses say that he intended to go with us as far as Paris, while his mate could take his ship round to her destination. I made little opposition to this, nothing more than was necessary before accepting a great piece of civility, for I felt that he might be very useful to us, especially in getting possession of the country house deeded to us by M. Lézeau. But his zeal in our service, and his reluctance to leave us, opened my eyes to something else, which till then had never entered my mind. Monsieur des Pesses must be in love with Rose!

This discovery did not displease me; on the contrary, I had all along expected that Rose's beauty and other advantages would procure her a good husband in France soon after our arrival,

and it seemed to me that Providence had already sent us this good fortune. M. des Pesses seemed all that she could wish for; his way of spending money proved that he was rich, and though his birth was not equal to that of Rose, the position of our affairs, and the fact of our being foreigners, made it easy to overlook this inequality.

So I was well satisfied to look on at his attentions to my sister. My two brothers, who also saw what I did, felt the same. We agreed that the suit of M. des Pesses was an excellent thing. At Rouen we had reason to think more highly of him than ever, for he introduced us to a number of people of high standing who had been his father's friends and his own. From them we learned by skilful questioning that he was very well off, and if not exactly of a noble family, that his people enjoyed great consideration in their own part of the country, and had long held high rank as merchants and professional men. We also received letters at Rouen from persons of the highest influence and consideration in Paris, to whom M. des Pesses had written concerning our exchange of property with M. de Lézeau. These gentlemen offered to use all their influence at court to put me in possession.

From The Nineteenth Century.
FRAU AJA.

BY H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

THE admirers of Goethe, who have, however, known her only through hints and glimpses, have yet learned to love his dear, bright mother, and would, no doubt, care for a fuller record of her life and picture of her character than could hitherto be presented. Among the archives in Weimar a number of letters from Frau Aja have been found, and printed by the Goethe Society; and these letters enable me to attempt the present sketch. Many readers will like to know whence comes the pet name of *Frau Aja*. The original occurs in an old German cheap chap-

book, called "Die Geschichte von den vier Heymonskindern." This popular old story was well known to Goethe and to his mother. Aja was the gentle sister of Charlemagne, the much-enduring wife of the fierce and stalwart Count Heymon of Dordone, and the proud mother of the hero Reinold. It was sufficiently applicable to the *Frau Rath* to serve as a caressing name given by filial fondness.

The resemblance between the two Frau Ajas may not, at first sight, be very striking; but when we come to consider more curiously, there is a sufficient similarity between certain of their good and kindly qualities, and in certain of their outward circumstances, to explain the application of the name of Charles's tender sister to the wife of the Frankfort Rath and to the mother of Goethe. The first Frau Aja, and her later namesake, was the mother of a hero. The second Frau Aja was always peace-loving and joy-giving; was always happiest when making happiness for others. The original was only a moderately happy wife, but was also a most devoted mother. The wife of Heymon was sorrowful; and the mother of Goethe was glad, cheerful, joyous. Herein is a point of dissimilarity; but caressing names are conferred in the "little language" of affection, rather in tenderness and in jest than in wisdom or gravity. They need not be too exact in their symbolic suitability. Goethe had a somewhat harsh and frigid father, who was without gaiety or liveliness, and was not gifted with humor, imagination, invention. From such a father it was necessary to hide the dear delicious hours of blissful intimacy, hours winged with story and with song, which were passed furtively between the glad young mother and her gifted boy. "Wahrheit und Dichtung" contains a delightful picture of the early relations between the child Goethe and his mother. How the boy looked forward to the happy time when his bright, sunny young mother would tell him stories, gay, tender, and romantic, which she herself invented so ingeniously, and related so

graphically! Mother and son were young together.

The sustained stateliness of Goethe's daily life, in his riper years, his dignity of bearing, came to him from his father; but such qualities were softened by the sympathy, insight, love, animation, invention, which he owed to his good, wise, charming mother. To the end of her days this dear lady retained her appellation of Frau Aja; and in some of her latest letters to him she still called her son by that fond name (as she writes it) of *Häschelhans*, which may be imperfectly rendered as "Darling Jack."¹ And the once little *Häschelhans* or *Hätschelhan*, who, in his impressionable childish years listened so eagerly at his mother's knee to so many fair and fanciful stories, became himself a story-teller, on the grandest scale, ripened into the famous poet who wrote "Faust," and so many other great works which the world will not willingly let die. When his writings came from Weimar to Frankfurt, the fond, proud mother must have recognized with a singular thrill of tenderness and joy the glorious fruition of those qualities which she had done so much to implant and to develop in the childhood of her renowned and loving son.

It may be here in place to recapitulate briefly the leading external facts and dates connected with the life of our glad, genial Frau Aja.

Katharina Elisabetha Textor — Textor is Weber Latinized — was born on the 19th of February, 1731, and died on the 13th of September, 1808. Her father was an imperial councillor of Frankfurt. On the 20th of August, 1748, Katharina Elisabetha married the father of Goethe, Johann Caspar Goethe, born on the 31st of July, 1710.

Johann Caspar was the son of a journeyman tailor, who married, as his second wife, Cornelia Schellhorn,

landlady of the inn *Zum Weidenhoff*, at Frankfurt. Goethe's father, the upright but pedantic, was thirty-eight when he married Fräulein Textor, who was but seventeen when she became his wife. Hers was not a love-match, nor was there, nor could there be, strong sympathy between a husband and wife who differed as widely in character as they did in years. The couple had six children. Goethe, born 1749, was the eldest; and his sister Cornelia, born 1750, was the second. Cornelia was the companion and intimate of Goethe during childhood and youth. She married Schlosser in 1773, and died 1777. The other four children of Goethe's parents all died in infancy, one only, Hermann Jakob, living seven years in this world. Goethe's father died in 1782.

The *Christkindlein* brings various gifts to different people, and a Christmas gift which he brought to the Goethe Society was a collection of letters given to the society by the Frau Grossherzogin Sophie von Sachsen. This collection comprises some two hundred and nine letters written by the Frau Aja to her great son, to his love Christiane Vulpius, afterwards his wife, and to her grandson August von Goethe. The dates of these letters range from 1780 to 1808. Fragments only of these letters were known before the present publication; and the very few that had been previously printed were, in no single instance, perfectly, or even correctly given. The Goethe Society's collection may, therefore, be looked on as the original publication of these interesting letters; and it seems well worth while to make gleanings from these naïve epistles of the mother of Goethe. The letters embrace private life and public events; they deal with social life and with the theatre in Frankfurt; they are the genuine outpourings of a most fond, kindly heart; and they reveal a character, painted unconsciously, and with no view to publicity, which is sacred in its serene and cheerful piety; tender in its family love, true in friendship, full of the pure joy of life, and always bright,

¹ "Darling Jack" is not a translation, but a mere rough attempt to find an equivalent for *Hätschelhan*. Such epithets, coined in the playfulness of great love, cannot easily be translated; and it is possible that a happier equivalent might be found. "Spoiled Jack" might be admissible. "Pampered Jack" or "Pet Jack" might do.

clever, affectionate, sincere. These letters teach us to know better, and to love more, the good and delightful Frau Aja.

Frau Aja was not, as she herself complains, well educated, though she taught herself much. In her childhood girls were not taught much in Germany, and Frau Aja had never learned to spell, or to construct a sentence properly. Her orthography is comically defective; but her style is the very woman herself.

Frau Aja always cheers and elevates us, by encouraging *uns freun und fröhlich seyn*.

The first of the letters is dated the 23rd of March, 1780. The Frau Rath was then living in the rather stately burgher mansion in the Hirschgraben, which her husband had almost rebuilt, adding greatly both to its splendor and its comfort. In this well-known and memorable house, still visited by so many pilgrims from every part of the cultured world, Goethe himself was born on the 28th of August, 1749. In 1780 Goethe's mother was fifty years of age. Her husband died in 1782. Goethe had quitted Frankfurt for Weimar in 1775; and from that date mother and son dwelt apart, meeting only when the poet could revisit his native city. The Duchess Amalia wished that Frau Aja should come to live at Weimar; but Goethe objected. There is something rather pathetic in the separation of such a mother and such a son; but the natural affection and soul intimacy between them were but little diminished by distance; the letters before us prove that Frau Aja and her *Hätschelhans* remained throughout her life on the old footing of cordiality, of esteem, of love. There was one change of circumstance; as the son lived and worked he became great and famous, and the fond, proud mother had the rare delight of feeling, reflected upon her life, the admiration and respect with which the ever-growing name of Goethe was surrounded. We must not forget the slowness of the post, and the difficulties of travelling, in those old days. It was then worth while to write long,

full letters; and it took, it seems, three days to pass between Frankfurt and Weimar.

In her first letter Frau Aja strikes the keynote of a quality which distinguished her during all her life. This was her faith; a faith childlike in its simplicity, mature in its strength, intensity, and firmness of conviction. She says: "As God has been so good to us we rejoice in this earthly life after our fashion, and as we can manage to do it." Again, in June, 1781, she writes: "I am no heroine, but, with Chilian, I hold life to be a fair thing."

Between 1781 and 1792 there is a great gap in the letters; and this gap covers the time, the sorrows, and the cares of widowhood. On the 4th of December, 1792, it is recorded that "the Hessians have *ocubirt* our city, in which one lives and breathes in continual anxiety; the whole district of Speyer, Worms, Mainz, is now unsafe. *Gott mag es lencken, ich weiss nichts*." On the 14th of December it is "no joke to be in Frankfurt; Custine, it is expected, may appear before it; and so long as Mainz is not in German power the Frankfurters live in fear and dread." Hessians, one officer and two privates, are quartered on Frau Rath, and she had to feed them, which she finds very inconvenient.

She lives in anxious expectation of the evil things that may happen in that dreadful time; but she has courage, owing to her belief that the God who has protected her so far will continue to care for her. In 1793 she complains of all the incredible annoyances of *Einquartirung*—annoyances which she was often to suffer under in the future. She has now two officers and two privates, and must always keep fire going, though wood is so dear. Nevertheless, she thinks of New Year's presents for Weimar. She prefers French to German inmates. She has always been a lover of order and decency; but the German soldiers smoke tobacco all day long in her rooms. The terrors of war surround the brave German widow; but she feels well, and is even happy.

In April, 1793, the theatre of war

draws near to her city, and she apprehends a *Bombardement*. In June she sees and hears every day nothing but *Bomppen*, cannon-balls, sick, wounded, and prisoners. Cannonading goes on all day, and is particularly noticeable at night. She excuses herself for dwelling so much on one horrid theme, but will send sweetmeats and toys to Weimar for little August. On the 25th of June, 1793, she receives with joy twelve copies of the "*Bürgergenerahl*," and awaits in excitement the result of the siege of Mainz. On the 8th of July she wishes that she could make all men glad and happy, and then it would be well with herself. Schlosser has lost his Julie, a dear little child. Grandmamma is very sorry, and suffers from the great heat. She signs, "Thy thee-loving mother, Goethe."

The breast of the good Frau Rath exuberated with human kindness. She writes to her great son to help a poor student of theology, who is modest and worthy, but cannot afford to pay for his commons. To help such a person, she says, brings a blessing with it; and she does not appeal in vain to Goethe. In November, 1793, we find the first mention of the sale of the old house in the *Hirschgraben*; a house full of so many memories to Frau Aja; a house in which she had spent her married life; a house sacred to the birth, the childhood, and the youth of her surviving son and daughter. She wants a smaller dwelling, in which to pass her remaining years. We learn that, in the same year and month, Mozart's "*Zauberflöte*" had been given eighteen times, with ever full houses and with brilliant success. "No one will admit that he has not heard it." Mechanics, gardeners, even the *Sachsenhäuser*—every one goes to hear the charming opera. *Das hat Geld eingetragen!* (That has brought money to the theatre.) She will not buy a toy model of the infamous guillotine. The horrors of war still impend over Frankfurt, and she is delighted with the public and patriotic spirit evinced by the burghers. Every week three thousand florins are collected for the brave German troops,

and Frankfurt swarms with ardent volunteers. Merchants' sons stand in the ranks side by side with tailors and shoemakers. Butchers are without shirts, having given theirs for the wounded in the hospitals. *Gott muss ja das belohnen*. (God will reward them.) All the other imperial free cities must, she says, hide their heads when compared with nobly devoted Frankfurt; and all these good deeds spring from the heart and mind of the people, and are not requisitioned, or required by superior powers.

Schlosser and Goethe approve all the steps taken by the Frau Rath for the sale of her house and wines. She thinks the enemy will not again be allowed to harm Frankfurt; as regards that, "I have faith in God, and he has something to say in the matter. I am convinced that God will not desert us." But in January, 1794, a panic scare spread all through Frankfurt. In that dreadful year the fancies of men had become morbid, and every horror was feared. All who can, find refuge in flight; but, thanks be to God for it, all this *wirr-warr* does not cause the brave lady one sad hour. She waits composedly, and trusts, and hopes. She greatly dislikes the *ohne Hoszen*, as she calls the *sans-culottes*; and she much prefers a German waltz to a French *carmagnole*. "We cannot lay hold of the spokes of the wheel of fate without being ground to powder," but we can suffer and be still, and we can record that the "*Zauberflöte*" has been given twenty-four times to crowded houses, and has brought in twenty-two thousand florins. She sends maize and chestnuts to Weimar, and manages always to let flow her steady stream of gifts to son, to grandson, and to daughter-in-law. The old house is sold, and the cheery widow wants to find a dwelling in the *Rossmarkt*, or horse market, and will find such a place in despite of all the *ohne Hoszen*.

And now comes the new house—Frau Aja's last house in Frankfurt, or in this world. It is on that side of the *Rossmarkt* which has a view down the whole *Zeil*, and it enjoys the sun of

morning. The prospect from her windows is most lively and charming : the guard-house is opposite ; the peasants' carts — the same to-day in Germany as they were in her day — stand before the house ; and there is always a large mixed public moving picturesquely about. This house, *Zum goldenen Brunnen*, is evidently the ideal dwelling for the ever-cheerful, gay, life-loving mother of Goethe, and she is quite delighted with it.

On the 15th of June, 1794, she receives her son's version of the "arch rogue," *Reinecke Fuchs*, to her sincere and simple joy. She rejoices to find that Goethe prints his work in German characters. Ever cheery, intelligent, lovable, the good Frau is welcome in society, and goes much into it. She greatly likes her visits to Stock's garden, and is *vergnügt und lustig*.

On the 26th of July, 1794, there is a return of panic, and every one that can go again prepares for flight. "Things were never before quite so bad. God preserve to me my good courage and my joyous heart ! " *Ach Herr jemine !* It is feared that the French will overrun the whole country, but the Frau Rath waits resignedly, escaping the contagion of unreasoning fear, and contributes to the fund for national purposes. She has no craven thought of flight — she, an elderly and lonely widow. *Unruhe im Gemüthe ist mir ärger als alle ohne Hoszen bey der gantzen Armee.*

Next comes good news for the dear brave old lady. On the 19th of January, 1795, she receives the first part of "Wilhelm Meister," and is overjoyed ! The great work is the work of her own great son. She feels herself thirty years younger, and calls to mind how her boy delighted in the old puppet theatre. If she could give expression to all she feels, her son would be pleased and proud. He had prepared for his old mother a joyful day. The work is all that is fine and great, and is not printed in Latin characters. She hopes the continuation will soon follow, and she lends the book to admiring friends, to friends who admire Goethe

and envy his mother. If peace do not come, they dread the coming spring — but *ich habe mich, Gott sey Dank, noch nie gefürchtet*. On the 11th of May, the sound of cannonading in the direction of Mainz is frightful ; and then news came slowly and came imperfectly. Still the house in the *Rossmarkt* is the best situation in the whole city. Trust and hope ! The old lady has some curious old wine, quaintly called *Tyrannen-Blut*, and this she mentions to her son. She is grieved that she cannot announce the birth of his son, of her grandson, in the Frankfurt paper ; but then, you see, Christiane was Goethe's *Bettelschatz*, and not yet his wife. Goethe married Christiane Vulpius, the mother of his children, on the 19th of October, 1806, five days after the battle of Jena.

Again her letters echo terrible cannonading, but what she terms the *Schari-wari* does not cause the trustful lady one grey hair. Then comes the longed-for continuation of "Wilhelm Meister," and the mother finds that the interest of the work absolutely increases ! She accompanies herself upon the piano, and sings "Kennst du das Land." She is enchanted with the picture of her old friend Fräulein von Klettenberg, and Frau Aja herself prosperously adventures a *Rescension* of this episode ; with some little help in the spelling.

The Frau Rath becomes a great-grandmother owing to a little daughter that happened to her grandchild Louise, and then, shortly afterwards, she feels relief from the long tension of fear and anxiety, when Germany knows the blessing of peace. Who can rejoice in it more than this hopeful, steadfast German woman ? She was the mother of Goethe, but she must also have been a good dramatic reader ; for we find her cast, at the house generally of Frau von Schwarzkopf, to read the parts of Marquis Posa, Antonio (in Tasso), Graf Terckki, and others. "This amuses us royally." *Ach, es gibt doch viele Freuden in unseres Lieben Herr Gotts seiner Welt !* The old Frau Rath evidently found out the secret of mak-

ing the best of both worlds. The dear old lady was full of faith, hope, charity, and of honest enjoyment of life. She never could conceive of God as of a fiend, and she is to be envied as much as admired for her religion.

In 1796 there were again the terrors and tumults of war, and Frau Aja evinced her usual calm trust, "He who has three times helped has not lost his power." The Saxons this time save Frankfurt. The commandant of the Imperialists lodged opposite to our lady, and she saw from her windows all the spectacle of war—the French with bandaged eyes, the Bürgermeister, and the troops. On the 12th of July the bombardment began, and Frau Aja and her people had to take refuge in underground rooms and cellars. She tries to fly to Offenbach, only to avoid a bombardment, but no carriage can be procured. "I am not one of the despairing sort, but events are really too terrible. A friend lends her a vehicle, and she returned, after three days' absence, to her native city. People began to dread that the French would *masacker* (as Frau Aja writes it), would plunder and destroy, and there was fire in Frankfurt in addition to other fears and horrors; but the *Zeil* and the *Rossmarkt* were saved. It is no *Comedienspiel* in the beleaguered place, but Frau Aja plays on her piano and looks much out of window. "Peace alone can save us and all Germany."

On the 17th of September the city is once more in the power of the Imperialists, and she listens to the *Zapfenstreich* of her own soldiers—sweeter music to her ears than even any opera of Mozart—and hears once more the *Thürmer* blow his chorales, "My hope stands firm in the living God;" and she, with tears of joy, sang with the *Thürmer*.

On the 4th of November she thanks her son for the fourth volume of "*Wilhelm Meister*," which she finds *ganz herrlich*, and receives with all the joy of a moderately critical but adoring mother. By friends the precious volume is not only read, but *verschlungen*—swallowed whole. On the 4th day

of December she amuses herself tolerably, goes to the play and into society.

On the 15th of May, 1797, peace is really certain, and General Hoche has witnessed a performance of the "*Zauberflöte*." Senator Mylius brings from Paris a declaration of the neutrality of Frankfurt, and no more bombardments are to be dreaded. A courier arrives from Bonaparte with confirmation of the good news. Winter is the time of endurance, summer of enjoyment; and the heroic lady who has borne so long the winter of war may now enjoy the summer of peace.

On the 15th of June, 1797, she expects with ecstasy a visit from her dear great son. Frankfurt society still listens gladly to the *Geplauder*, to the chat of the loquacious, lively Frau Aja; and she says that when her son comes he may spare his lungs, for she will talk for him. She begins to appreciate more highly her *liebe Freundin*, Christiane, and writes more often and more fully to Demoiselle Vulpis. On the 23rd of September, Goethe has been to Frankfurt, and has again left the Frau Rath. On the 4th of December "*Hermann und Dorothea*" is found to be most delightful and moving. In January, 1798, her many trials have rendered the old lady irritably unpatriotic—*die Deutschen sind kein Volk, keine Nation mehr und damit punctum*. Still, in my Golden Well I am glad and happy. "The right or left bank of the Rhine may belong to whom it will," but that consideration does not disturb our sleep or our dining. *Ein fröhliches Hertz ist ein stetes wohlleben*; and gladness is the mother of all virtues as it is written in "*Götz von Berlichingen*." She estimates "*Hermann und Dorothea*" as a masterpiece without an equal; and she is glad that her son can now keep a carriage and horses.

In October, 1779, Schlosser dies, and the good mother sends the sad news to her son in Weimar. It seems that at this time Goethe was playing in the Frankfurt lottery without great success. She writes, "I am not at all good at writing." Goethe recovers from a seri-

ous illness, to his mother's devout joy. In 1801 Frau Aja is in her seventieth year, but enjoys books, plays, society, and life. She finds, however, that she cannot travel so far as Weimar. The Frankfurters hold it to be a great honor to have as a citizen so great and famous a man as Goethe, and this pleases Goethe's old mother. She knows no occupation which is so uncomfortable to her as writing letters, but still she writes, though she is, as she says, *dinten scheu*—shy of ink. She is always ready to help the poor player with the great theatre director of Weimar, and generally she leaves undone no kindness that is in her power to render.

Frau Aja cannot make out why so many people should prize her so highly and love her so warmly. On Sunday, the 19th of June, 1803, she is highly honored by royalty. The king and queen of Prussia are staying at Wilhelmsbad, and the Countess of Leiningen comes to Frankfurt in a fine carriage drawn by four fleet horses and fetches the Frau Rath. The queen and her three sisters—the queen appeared “like a sun among the stars”—delighted to honor the dear old lady, and the queen herself clasped round the neck of Goethe's mother a handsome necklace. Some one else was also present. Whom can that be? Why, Karl August, Goethe's own Duke of Weimar, who is most affectionate to the mother of the poet-minister. We can well believe that Frau Aja does not exaggerate when she describes to her son the rapture which this visit caused.

In 1805 she is seventy-four years old, and the pious soul grows even more pious with advancing years. The letters from her son are spread out and laid before God. She has quite given up taking snuff, and is pleased when Frankfurt sets up a bust of Goethe between busts of Wieland and of Herder. She thanks God for having given her such a son and for having preserved him in sickness. The future she leaves, in full trust, with God. “I believe in God, and he is greater than

any monarch upon earth.” “He has never betrayed my trust in him, and my faith is the sole basis of my constant cheerfulness.” “Nothing disturbs my happiness and gaiety, because I trust in him.” On the 19th of August, 1806, the queen of Prussia and the prince came to visit the Frau Rath, and the queen played the piano while Goethe's mother waltzed round the room with the prince!

“The mother's blessing builds the house of the child;” so says Frau Aja, writing on the 27th of October, 1806, a letter of singularly fervent piety—distinguished even for her—to the beloved son. On the 16th of May, 1807, she had a slight relapse, and resumes, occasionally, the use of snuff, her principal reason being that snuff helps her when she writes letters. “Without a pinch of snuff my letters would be dry as straw.” Writing is not one of her talents; but the fault rests with the schoolmaster. Her special gift from God is, she says, the power of story-telling; and some people think that even her son owes something to her in this matter. But the years begin to narrow round the still cheerful and lively old great-grandmother, who is, in 1807, seventy-six years old. Her last letter, No. 209, is dated the 11th of July, 1808.

Fritz Schlosser writes to Goethe to tell the poet that Frau Aja passed away very peacefully—indeed at last in a condition of unconsciousness—on the 13th of September, 1808. Characteristically, the brave, unselfish mother would not allow any report of her illness to be written to her son in Weimar; his first intimation of her danger was the announcement of her death.

To her son was granted a span of years, longer than that allotted to his mother; but the life of great Goethe cannot have felt any much heavier sorrow than the loss of such a mother. They had so many and such dear memories together, they had been so intimate and so deeply attached, that the world could hold for great Goethe only one Frau Aja! Life may hold many a love—but only one mother.

Frau Aja lived through some momentous times in history ; as, for instance, the French Revolution and the splendor of the career of Napoleon, but her interest in historical events remained merely local. An intelligence rather than an intellect, she records only occurrences which affected her native city and her own life.

It is in her character that most Frau Aja charms and interests us. Indeed, her temperament was bright and vivid with the color, with the gladness, with the clearness, with the beauty of wine. In bare wintry trees you see the fine tracery of branch, and twig, and spray ; but the tree is yet lovelier when crowded with blossom, or when covered with leaf, and Frau Aja, heroic in times of sorrow and of strain, shows best all her most individual qualities in days of golden peace. Then she really lives her fullest, truest life ; and she is fitly framed in the quiet burgher's existence of a great German city. What would her life have been had she not been the mother of so great a son ? He gave her a love which was not unworthy of her ; and he shed distinction and consideration upon her. Without him, her existence would have been obscurer, meaner and poorer, and would have attracted but little human regard. It is owing to her son that she is so well known. Without him, the fierce light of publicity would never have shone upon her ; but that light does beat upon her, and she is found worthy even for her own sake. We love and we respect her. Other women, perhaps as true-hearted, as cheerful, and as faithful, have lived and left no record of their lives ; but then Frau Aja was mother of *Hätschel-hans*. Her interests were confined mainly within the sphere of her affections. Her heart was warm and full, and her temper was sweet and equable. Each letter written to son, to grandson, or to daughter-in-law is like a caress from a fond, true, motherly woman. Full of gaiety, she was never frivolous ; always kindly, she was not sentimental. Her vivacious mind, which loved the tonic of life, was brisk, active, and

alert. She has not wit, badinage, irony ; nor is she strong in humor ; but she has genial warmth, quick observation, joyousness, and a strong personal note of sympathy as of discernment ; and then she has such power of enjoyment !

Two portraits, printed by Düntzer, are now before me. One is from an oil painting, the other from a *silhouette*. They agree tolerably, and give us the idea that the person of Frau Aja fitly expressed her character. She is not tall, and is what she herself would call *hübsch corpulent*. The merry face indicates kindness, hilarity, and a nimble fancy. She must in her youth have been very pretty, and she carried youth to a great old age. If Goethe owed to her some impulse towards fiction, he also owed to her some tendency towards faith. His faith was immeasurably wider, higher, deeper than hers ; but in the fervor of trust and the comfort of conviction mother and son resembled each other, and her beliefs must have had some influence upon his early feeling. Perhaps her highest and most distinctive quality is just this assured, intense, unshakable faith in God. She seems to have had no clerical assistance, to have relied not at all upon observances and forms, but her happy soul stood in most direct and joyous relations with its Creator. Unlike the majority of religious persons, so-called, she could rejoice in the Lord. She was a God-loving, rather than a God-fearing, woman ; and, though she knew sorrow, losses, trials, she never felt gloom, despondency, or doubt. A marriage which was happy only in so far as endurance and tolerance could make it so ; the loss of children, the terrors of war—none of these things could long depress her heart or ever dim her hope. There was nothing mean, sour, peevish, in her sunny nature, and she dared to praise God by enjoying all that is lovely and of good report in the human life and world which he has created. Biography, history, memoirs, contain, happily, many pleasant pictures of amiable, bright, tender women ; but in the long gallery

of female portraits there are but few women that are dearer to us, or more worthy of our liking, than is the cheerful, pious, tender, good Frau Aja!

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A FRENCH CRITIC ON ENGLAND.

WERE the British nation ever in want of a character there would be little difficulty in compiling a respectable and satisfactory one from the testimonials of those whom Mr. Pepys considered to be our "natural enemies." Frenchmen indeed who actually come to see us have usually found a good deal to admire; but the testimonial more commonly takes the indirect and all the more valuable form of an abuse of our overweening pride and insular conceit, coupled with sidelong admissions of practical success. It is only in later and more civilized days that a high appreciation of English things is frankly avowed. In this respect Voltaire is one of our earliest and stoutest adherents. Not only does he dwell (in passages which national vanity excised from his correspondence) upon our material successes, but in the letters exclusively devoted to England many of our favorite usages and institutions are discreetly and yet warmly patted on the back. It would be hardly fair, perhaps, to cite the grateful refugees who fled to our hospitable shores to escape religious persecution: M. Misson, for instance, who could not understand why his countrymen considered the English treacherous; or the Protestant minister Abbadie, who wrote a "*Défense de la Nation Britannique*" against, as it is supposed, the insidious Bayle. It would be difficult, also, to enumerate the occasions upon which the British Constitution, British liberty, and British unity, have supplied examples and arguments to French publicists, first of the democratic, and secondly (during the epoch of Revolution) of the moderate and conservative school, not to mention the numerous drafts upon our constitutional wealth and experience made from time

to time by smaller nationalities anxious to set up in the same line.

French criticisms of English things stand by themselves. To the phlegmatic Briton (so acutely and even pathetically interesting is the difference of the two temperaments) they have all the piquancy of a woman's criticisms of a man. To be perfectly candid, they have often, perhaps most often, been superficial and absurd with the absurdity of ignorance. Even M. Taine seems to have started with a formidable preconception which colors all his work, despite his observant and patient attention, qualities, it may be said, which have still more recently been displayed by the young M. de Coubertin in his conscientious exploration of our public schools and universities. The French critic has, indeed, often enough displayed a fine wit both at our expense and at his own. What to the British eye appears usually wanting in him is the requisite proportion of practical wisdom and common sense. When we get this coupled with the Gaulish keenness of discrimination, we get something which is well worth our attention. From this point of view it might perhaps be said that the three volumes of the "*Considérations sur la Révolution Française*" are worth the lucubrations of all other French philosophers put together.

The "new young demoiselle" whom Carlyle, in his first volume, saw "romping about the knees of the Decline and Fall," the gifted Anne Louise Germaine Necker, Baroness de Staël-Holstein, must, since her husband is usually described as an *homme absolument nul*, have bequeathed no small share of the "sense uncommon" to her son Auguste, chiefly known to the world as an agriculturist and as the editor of his mother's works, but who unfortunately died in the prime of life only two years after the publication of his "*Lettres sur l'Angleterre*." That criticisms of a date eight or nine years previous to the great Reform Bill need necessarily be antiquated or inapplicable to present circumstances will only be contended by those who have a

much greater belief in systems and institutions than in human nature. In fact there are, one may venture to think, many reflections particularly requiring to be emphasized at the present day which one could not hope to present more incisively than has been done by the Baron de Staël, and which it is both more modest and more efficacious to assert upon the impartial testimony of a foreigner.

In approaching the criticism of the great phenomenon known as modern England the writer has drawn special attention to the difficulties of the subject, the logical shoals upon which the foreign critic is so especially liable to founder; the grave mistake, for example, of reasoning about the English constitution and politics as you might about those of Austria or Russia, of assigning to political combinations and movements "an importance which they are far from possessing in the eyes of British politicians;" in fine, an excessive regard to institutions, to constitutional forms and phenomena, apart from the study of what these have come to mean and in practice to be, after being subjected for centuries to the operation of the freest, the most actual, and the most complicated social system ever known to the world. Several historians, he remarks, have from a brief analysis of the British Constitution composed to their satisfaction a systematic and harmonious whole, an ideal picture of what might have been had the English nation been something other than itself. Others, again, "and especially English publicists and jurists," have presented the most remarkable laws and institutions, of which the philosophic mind most imperiously demands an explanation, as simple facts so eternally natural as to require no comment.

Curiously enough, it is a foreigner, Montesquieu, who first brought together for philosophic examination the fundamental institutions and characteristics of England, things which in their confusion, inconsistency, and intensity may be relied upon to elude the understanding of all but the closest and

widest observation, native or foreign. Montesquieu (as any one may see who will turn to the heading of "Anglais" in the index to the "*Esprit des Lois*") resolved, at least to his own satisfaction, every problem which England has ever suggested, from our passion for liberty to our more ephemeral fancy for suicide.

The history of a free country, De Staël reminds us, must always be a more difficult study than that of one subjected to despotic government. The reason is clear: liberty is the life of society; and life, unrestrained individual activity, means, human nature being what it is, the production of an immense variety of tastes and employments, of interlacing interests, of secret and subtle influences and indistinguishable ties, which, though harmonious in their working as simplicity itself, must inevitably appear a mass of complications to the external view of the historian. To such complications, or (in the words of our text) "to the infinite variety of actual nature the government [of such a people] must accommodate itself." And this is effected not so much by a change in the form of institutions as in the spirit that animates them. Hence the constant difficulty for the Continental critic of Great Britain.

De Staël supposes the case of an unprejudiced foreign theorist confronted with some of the most notorious external facts concerning this country, — the immense wealth of the aristocracy, the small number of landowners, the system of entails, the custom of primogeniture, and so forth, and asks what he would infer. The answer to which question the reader can imagine. "Theoretically there would be nothing absurd," continues our author, "in such an inference; but what do facts teach us? Simply that 'in no country of Europe is there so little difference between the physical enjoyments of the various classes, and that the constant increase of every kind of manufacture tends daily to diminish such inequalities as exist.' It would be idle to deny that in England 'civil-

ization is more advanced, information more widely diffused, the science of government better understood, and all the movements of the social machine smoother and more effective in their working than elsewhere.'” Indeed, if this were not so, he observes, if the student of past history could not have presumed it, political history would not be worth our study; and the fact that such results are coupled with what to the Continental critic appear such astonishing anomalies is precisely the enigma to which an answer can only be found in the study of the English nature and character.

Every nation, it may be admitted, had its own ideal to pursue and cannot excuse itself for a dilatoriness in working out its own salvation by the plea that it has, perhaps starting with vastly superior advantages, advanced further than any other given nationality. That Great Britain enjoys peculiar advantages both in the matter of its mixture of races and its geographical position is notorious, and how much of our success is due to them, whether a balance of the accounts would leave any substantial credit to the English people of to-day, is what no statistician can estimate. But comparisons with other nations are not odious when instructive, and they seem to represent all the instruction we are likely to get. Nothing perhaps but the fact that France has been our one compeer and companion through the history of modern Europe, and our near geographical neighbor, would ever have suggested a comparison which is seldom anything but a glaring contrast. Yet so great is the force of a somewhat similar, because contemporary, environment that a comparison with France is naturally expected to throw more light than any other upon our progress and present position.

Madame de Staël had already remarked that since the Revolution of 1688 no Continental nation could compare with England, which in social and political development had from that date first clearly showed that it had something like a hundred and fifty

years' start of the Continent. Applied more particularly to the case of France the parallel is thus sketched by De Staël himself.

Our Magna Charta dates from 1215. In 1356 (one hundred and forty-one years later) the French States-General take advantage of the captivity of John the Second to exact substantial pledges in return for the subsidy granted to his son. After the Wars of the Roses we find the English nobility exhausted and cut down, a state of things utilized by the Seventh and Eighth Henrys for establishing despotism by favoring the growth of the Commons. One hundred and fifty years later the combined effect of the Wars of the League and the policy of Richelieu accomplished a similar result on a more extended scale. The great age of Elizabeth, again, offers a striking analogy to that of Louis the Fourteenth. In each case the grandeur of the monarchy (“undeniably more real in the case of Elizabeth”), victories abroad, the splendors of the court and of a brilliant literature console the nation for the absence of liberty. And one hundred and fifty years separate the Elizabethan Age from that of the Great Monarch. Upon this point an obvious reflection suggests itself, that the greater reality which De Staël notes in the Tudor monarchy lay in the fundamental harmony of both Elizabeth and her Parliament with the circumstances and needs of the nation, that the constitutional strength of an apparently enslaved people was, as it were by consent, deposited in a dynasty which took a peculiarly personal part in the emancipation from the tyranny of the Church of Rome and in the solidification of the position of modern England. In France, on the other hand, the ideals grasped by the practical mind of Henry the Fourth having perished with him, the coming of “grand” monarchy meant something widely different in fact, although in form most of the phenomena of English progress are shadowed or paralleled. In truth, with the seventeenth century both literature and politics (if we may borrow an expres-

sion applied by Matthew Arnold to Puritanism) entered into the prison of *unreality*, and the key was turned upon them for something like a century and a half, with wide and disastrous consequences. It is a Frenchman who says that the whole literature of the grand epoch was but a tiresome chorus in praise of royalty, a very pardonable exaggeration; and as to politics, it is Ranke who observes, in the preface to his English history, that, "The most general difference between the English and the French policy of the last centuries would seem to lie in this, that in France the splendor of external grandeur, in England the orderly adjustment of internal relations was the object most at heart."

Clearly, therefore, the element of reality (and De Staël uses the expression more than once) is one that invites analysis.

But to pursue the historical parallel. In 1640 the Long Parliament begins the popular struggle against Charles the First. One hundred and forty-nine years later the States-General assemble at Versailles. There are coincidences more nearly contemporary which could not deceive the most superficial student. The pathetic complaint of the deputies of the Tiers Etat in 1615 was not seconded by the nation, and was no more to be compared to 1789 than the Parisian Parliament of the Fronde to the English House of Commons of the Great Rebellion. The two latter phenomena present the most striking of contrasts in the matter of reality. The Fronde marks the last opposition of the French nobility to the crown; after that date they became, in the words of Dyer, the mere satellites of the court. One hundred and forty-four years, again, separate the execution of Charles the First from that of Louis the Sixteenth, and finally the restoration of Charles the Second precedes that of the Bourbons by little more than one hundred and fifty years. Moreover, in the history of the two national developments, especially of the two revolutions, a variety of lesser parallels strike one both in the sequence

of events and the progress of ideas, in regard to which it must be remembered that the first in time had often considerable influence in the production of the later, the English revolution having been constantly present to the mind of the French revolutionary, and so forth.

De Staël does not press the analogy too closely. It would be a mistake, he reminds us, to infer that, if France was so far behind England in the race of political development, she was therefore behind her in civilization, the contrary being notoriously the case. But in England (the theory will be found elaborated in Guizot's "History of Civilization") affairs marched in a somewhat different manner from that of the Continent. Most of all European civilizations the English marched "abreast," so to speak, "of constitutional liberty," and was to a greater extent the immediate result of the progress of the latter. In France, on the other hand, the development of individual and social life preceded and was independent of political progress. And whereas in England more than anywhere else the various forces of aristocracy, democracy, monarchy, centralization, local government, moral and political development have been observed to advance in strength and importance side by side, in France one particular principle has to a vastly greater extent had play at one particular time. Feudalism, royalty, democracy, have all had (or are having) their day of power in both countries, but in France their sway was and is far more absolute and untrammelled. The very names of the things indicate something much more violent to a French ear than they do to our own.

This comparative irregularity of national progress one recognizes as a drawback to the practical success of a State, though it may be favorably regarded as creditable to the individuals composing it. Among the French, for example, are to be found more natures endowed with the faculty of generalizing on philosophic principles, more natural vivacity and aptitude for ac-

quiring new ideas than is characteristic of the Briton. In England what strikes the foreigner (and Emerson, it may be observed, makes a similar observation) is our "intellectual homogeneity." Now the intellectual homogeneity of a nation must mean, from the educated point of view, a somewhat cramped intellectual view on the part of its politicians. Accordingly De Staël notes in certain discussions which he had attended on the admission of Catholics to the House of Peers, and the reform of the marriage laws (and indeed any debate might have served him), a singular absence of the most obvious theoretical considerations. Of the former one might have expected, he writes, that it would have concerned itself mainly with the general principles of tolerance: "Not a whit! No one seemed even to think of them; every speech turned only on what would be best for England."

A curious passage from Bacon's "Novum Organum" (I. 104) might, he suggests, be the intellectual motto of England. "Axiomata infima non multum ab experientiâ nudâ discrepant; suprema vero illa et generalissima (quæ habentur) notionalia sunt et abstracta, et nil habent solidi. At media sunt axiomata illa vera, et solida et viva, in quibus humanæ res et fortunæ sitæ sunt. (For the lowest axioms differ but slightly from bare experience, while the highest and most general, which we now have, are notional and abstract and without solidity. But the middle are the true and solid and living axioms, on which depend the affairs and fortunes of men)." The French genius on the other hand dwells rather in the region of the *axiomata abstracta et generalia*. When the Baron de Staël one day read some particularly philosophical pamphlets to Sir James Mackintosh and asked what he thought of them, the Englishman replied that it was all very clever, but that in our country "we take all that for granted." Surely this was a most significant criticism. The French publicist and politician, according to De Staël, is too often like a ship-master who is obliged to

have recourse to the very elements of trigonometry and physics before taking his bearings. And his courageous rhetorical familiarity with the *axiomata suprema et generalissima* is accompanied by a proportionate timidity in their application. The theorists may individually be men of genius, but the whole atmosphere of their activity is so uncertain. There is not enough actual contact of mind with mind, not enough criticism by a free press to accustom people to live "in the midst of their fellow-creatures."

In fine, no amount of genius makes up for the absence of the habit of character acquired in a free country. Hence the philosophic idealism of French publicists came to be too detached from the ordinary practical wisdom of average people, a result beautiful indeed in itself, but not found conducive to progress in a workaday world. "In France," we are told, "before the Revolution publicists discussed the very question whether there were or were not such things as fundamental laws. But all agreed that those which had not fallen into disuse [this idea of a fundamental law ceasing to be respected is delightful!] were no longer worth preserving. Thenceforward philosophers naturally plunged headlong into Utopia, while Frondeur spirits continued in a facetious manner to blacken not only such abuses as were justly reprobable, but even the habits and ideas from which they had the greatest difficulty in withdrawing themselves." An open contempt was expressed for England as a country where it was still necessary to reckon with opposing interests (*ménager les forces résistantes*) and so on; but when it came to practical reconstruction, there, as has been said, the theorists exhibited an extraordinary timidity. One may here remark that the falsity exhibited by Utopian theorists when condemning as useless and pernicious ideas and institutions in which they knew both themselves and society to be indissolubly involved, was perhaps the greatest danger of French idealism.

The Abbé de Sièyes, in his lucid and

original pamphlet (*Qu'est ce que le Tiers Etat ?* etc.) clearly lays down the duty of the philosopher to map out the path of progress to the very end, leaving the practical reformer to follow with what speed he may. This, like so many French suggestions, presupposes an ideal state of things, perfectly logical theorists, for instance, and a world of reasonable men and women. How can the philosopher be sure that he clearly sees his way into Utopia, and is not preaching a delusive and visionary heresy? The answer of history is that he is not sure, and that the Utopian has indulged the pleasure of satisfying a philosophic instinct at the expense of practical attention to facts. Hence we understand from De Staël that in England, where immediate needs are the only concern, and where, if a reform has to be accomplished, no more pure theory is taken in than is just necessary to render soluble existing materials, "intellectual conquests, when attained, are far more real," though seldom exhibiting the complete picturesqueness of the *axiomata suprema et generalia* arrived at in the air by the idealists whose lucubrations seem alike with what it is unnecessary to say and what it is impossible to prove.

One moral at least (which should be useful to us now) may be drawn from this impartial Frenchman's reflections; many of our institutions can be demonstrated on paper to be more or less intrinsically bad, but when you come to look into the working of them you find it in the circumstances better than anything else which can be readily suggested. Therefore no reformer or theorist should be listened to who has not mastered the *working of things*. For after all, to have one quite perfect institution (as it might have been drafted by a French Utopian before the Revolution) while others remained as they are, would be probably as injurious as the patch of new cloth upon the old garment. A gradual and proportioned method of improvements is as important as the clearest conception of the ideal.

The privilege of primogeniture De

Staël could not regard as a desirable thing. He could not think with admiring Englishmen of an older day that it was one of the great causes of England's prosperity, but he does not make the absurd mistake of supposing it or its various expressions to be the result of law. He sees it to be a national instinct; the accentuation of a strong feeling for heredity, a feeling prevalent wherever the family attains any degree of mark, and most noticeable in the aristocracy only because they represent the most successful families. The baron, like every Frenchman, condemns the instinct as unsocial, despotic. Englishmen told him that it kept up the *esprit de famille*. He replied that that might be so, but there was something better than the said *esprit*, and that was the *amour de famille*. Undoubtedly this is a home-thrust at a system which makes arbitrary distinctions among children and tends to perpetuate great accumulations of power.

So much for the bad side of primogeniture, which with many exaggerations and amplifications has been so frequently expounded of late to our working classes by the supposed friends and counsellors of democracy; let us turn now to the good side. One of the first results of the custom (and one frequently unnoticed) is a great increase in the numbers of the upper classes; the result of which is that the forces of education are better enabled to hold their own. If it be urged that not even a cultivated aristocracy ought to be trusted with so much power, it may be replied that if society ceases to develop individuals capable of filling independent positions of great responsibility, not only is half the interest and romance of social existence destroyed, but we are less and less likely to find capable administrators for the State, which is, according to the prevalent idea of industrial reformers, to be entrusted with ever great and greater powers over the whole resources of the nation. Under the one system, power, a trifle despotic it may be even in beneficence, but at least independent and

afraid of no one, rears its head here and there over the length and breadth of the land. Under the other, the people should be level and alike as a flock of sheep looking humbly and trustfully up to its shepherd, an omniscient and omnipotent (yet surely a necessarily inexperienced) government.

Great fortunes, great houses, great centres of social influence, how many severe reflections upon them may we not hear nowadays! Yet "under the *régime* of equal partition," writes De Staël, "the State alone is enriched by the sacrifices of contributors, while no individual acquires a fortune or social standing which allow, when necessary, of his opposing a rampart against the invasions of power, or against aberrations of popular opinion, of protecting the weak, of encouraging the poor but conscientious, who refuse to bow the knee before an unjust command or the caprices of a victorious party. In such circumstances egotism and vanity increase every day the influence of government . . . Among individuals of moderate fortune and little leisure there is no gratuitous devotion to public affairs . . . The majority of citizens become quiet, apathetic . . . or place-hunters. Such a state of society is the very opportunity of a military despot." Since therefore in this imperfect world one cannot have everything, possibly the system of large fortunes and great capitalists may possess unsuspected virtues which we shall do well not to abolish too hastily.

It is curious that the extreme subdivision of property exhibited in France, which twenty years ago alarmed many French economists but seems latterly to have passed its apogee, is also admitted by De Staël (and this was a subject he had made specially his own) to be mainly a matter of sentiment. If in Arthur Young's time the French peasant's was "a poor way of living," a low standard of comfort and civilization, and remains such at the present day, that is chiefly the result of the curious unreasoning passion known in Ireland as "land-hunger," but which lays little hold of the prosaic and prac-

tical Anglo-Saxon nature. English people in moderate circumstances do not want land as a personal possession, but usually as a profitable investment; the necessities of life can generally be bought from other producers, native or foreign. It is probable that a large proportion of tenants would not thank the reformer who offered to put them at the market price into possession of their holdings. It is theorists in books who so exaggerate the magic of absolute ownership. What the practical farmer wants, beyond security of tenure, is business, not additional title-deeds.

But in France, at least until the last ten or fifteen years (the decrease of population itself has restricted the tendency), subdivision for subdivision's sake was going merrily on in spite of the inevitable waste of labor and depreciation of agriculture; and the price of land continued to rise to such an extent that the position of enormous numbers of peasant proprietors became both painful and ridiculous if not alarming. French agriculture, which now occupies some eight million persons, hardly pretends in our own day to be practically successful. It has periodically to be kept going by such drastic measures of protection as have not been dreamed of in England for half a century. For this, as has been said, a sentiment is mainly responsible, a sentiment very expensive to the rest of the community. The sentiment affecting land in England is, as noted by De Staël and by Montalembert after him, a very different one. It is that which for a century past has diffused wealth and civilization over the provinces (incidentally also protecting agriculture) by the now familiar invasion of retired merchants.

These are some of the principal topics on which De Staël touches. The chief interest of his reflections seems to the present writer to lie in the fact that so many Radical and Socialistic theorists of our own day are adopting towards certain of our institutions the attitude here attributed to the ordinary and ignorant foreign critic, an attitude

to which the form and the theory of a thing seem of more importance than its practical working.

Now almost every English institution is notoriously wrong in theory, and most can be proved on paper to be dangerous, if not pernicious. If they are not actually so, that is owing to the way in which English people have learned to work them, and the utmost which we have asked of our institutions hitherto is that they should work well. But the prevalent tone of the Radicalism of our day is marked by an exaggerated faith in the perfection of constitutional machinery, and impatient distrust of all but the least educated human nature. Never perhaps have idealists with their glib axioms been more to the fore. Because "all peoples should be self-governed," we are to try the most dangerous of experiments with that part of Great Britain which is least ripe for complete self-government. Because "all religions should be treated with equal respect," we are invited to cripple or destroy a great and historic institution, the author of full half of our national civilization. Radicalism will be satisfied with no principles less complete, less sweeping. To want to examine them, to adapt them to the rude needs of actual circumstances, is a reactionary heresy. On the other hand, a Frenchman, fresh from an experience of the results of the only perfectly philosophical revolution, reminds us that by abandoning what have been peculiarly English methods of progress, — methods which disregard everything but actual needs and grievances, — by offering to the new and ardent forces of democracy a cheap voyage into Utopia, we should be only throwing away our priceless heritage of freedom, experience, and faith in the individual, for the sake of some assumption of Radical ignorance and impatience, some *axioma supremum et generale* of the demagogue or the political dissenter, *quod nihil habet solidi*.

From Longman's Magazine.

THE EYE OF THE GREY MONK.

BY MRS. W. E. H. LECKY.

THE Englishman who wants to take a short holiday has become aware that there is no country near England which affords so much interest and variety in a small compass as Holland. There, in fact, both the lovers of art and of nature are amply gratified. No one will dispute the former; no one will deny that some of the greatest masterpieces of painting may be seen in the Dutch galleries, and that the interior of the houses and the aspect of the people are in some ways as picturesque now as they were in the days of Rembrandt and Gerard Dou; but some may smile with derision at the idea that there are any beauties of nature in Holland. The English tourist usually associates Holland with skating and bulbs, and confines himself to visiting the two provinces of Holland proper. He sees nothing but meadows and canals, and not caring for nature with that enthusiasm which finds beauty of expression even in the plainest features, he thinks the country flat, monotonous, and ugly. The beautiful woods of Gelderland and Overijssel, with brooks of the purest water, their fields of corn where Millet might have painted his "Angelus," their hilly moors of purple heather, their old castles with broad moats where the brilliant hues of skies and trees and flower-beds are reflected, are all to him *terra incognita*. He knows Scheveningen as a fashionable bathing-place, but who ever visits, or has even heard of, that charming island off the north coast of Friesland, Schiermonnikoog? Yet those who are tired of the rush of life and the conventionalities of society, and who care to refresh their bodies and minds in the purest sea air, and in the midst of surroundings simple, genuine, and full of poetry, could not find a more attractive spot.

During the glorious summer of last year we made a plan to visit the island, and starting from Gelderland, where we were staying, we took the train for Groningen, whence steamers run four times a week to Schiermonnikoog. It

is well worth lingering a day or two at Groningen, for many centuries past the most important town of the northern provinces. It has a fine old Gothic cathedral with beautiful chimes, and a university founded in 1614, which has now five hundred students, three hundred of whom study medicine. The extensive university library, from which any one with an introduction may borrow, is in a separate building, and preserves an interesting relic—a Bible with annotations of Erasmus, and marginal notes in the writing of Luther, to whom it belonged. "Du bist ein Bube" is one of the milder utterances of the great Reformer. The many charitable institutions, most of them in curious old buildings, the pretty costumes of the orphans, especially those of the Green Orphanage, cannot fail to interest the stranger, and he may also visit the neighborhood, which has some fine woods, and is studded with country houses and farms. The peasant proprietors of Groningen are very rich, but the agricultural depression has told here as elsewhere. The boat journey to Schiermonnikoog takes five hours, but can be reduced to one by travelling through Friesland overland as far as the last station, Oostmahorn. We preferred, however, the water-way, and found it very pleasant on the neat little steamer, where our party of four were almost the only passengers. The Reitdiep, through which we steamed, is a broad canal of considerable importance, winding through a fertile country, with fields and pastures on each side, and villages and farms scattered at rare intervals. The solitude of the water-banks was only broken by a number of herons and wild ducks; and the seagulls gave us warning when we approached the sea. The steamer passed through two locks. In the first, it descended to a lower level; in the second, at Zoutkamp, near the mouth of the Reitdiep, it was raised to the level of the sea, and when the gates opened we found ourselves steaming into the Lauwerzee, a bay formed by the North Sea. This was crossed in an hour to

Oostmahorn on the Frisian coast, and in about another hour we reached our destination. The sea was as smooth as a mirror, and even in stormy weather it is never very rough in that sheltered part. The arrival on the island is somewhat peculiar, for we actually landed in a carriage which came to meet us in the sea, the water being too shallow for any vessel to land. The harbor, the Wiel, which once existed south of the island, became filled with sand at the end of the last century, much to the detriment of the navigation and to the inconvenience of travellers.

We had a long drive over the bleak sands, left bare when the tide is out, then crossed the dyke which protects that part of the island, and came upon a charming village ensconced in the dunes, and planted with trees, green hedges, and gardens. Beyond this we soon reached the Bath Hotel, which stands on a dune facing the North Sea. It is a large building, with airy rooms and verandahs, adapted entirely for the summer, and with simple but good arrangements. It has existed some six years, and is chiefly frequented by families from Groningen and Friesland, being but little known as yet even throughout Holland. The season had been excellent, but short; it does not begin till June 15, though the hotel is ready for visitors from the first. The Groningers had hastened homewards early to celebrate the anniversary of the siege by Prince Maurice, which delivered them from the yoke of the Spaniards, an event which they commemorate every year. Foreigners sometimes smile at the way Dutch people go on celebrating historical events which occurred several centuries ago, and there is no denying that the yearly commemoration of a siege in the year 1594 may become somewhat monotonous, but it keeps the memory of these events ever fresh among the young generation better than any history lesson learnt at school. Unlike the old lady who did not care for history because "she thought bygones had better be bygones," Dutch children, with

these constant appeals to their imaginations, learn to look upon the past as part of the present, and to feel that they are bound to make themselves worthy of the hero race to whom they owe their liberties.

Only one Dutch family and the doctor were left in the hotel on our arrival, September 11. The doctor had seen many countries and known many men, and proved an agreeable companion, none the less so because he took a philosophic view of things and had a great distrust of all medical theories. Doctors have but little to do in the island, which is extremely healthy. The air is remarkably pure and full of ozone, and contagious illnesses are unknown. The people, however, though they reach a good old age, do not look very robust. Some attribute this to their constant intermarrying, but in the island of Urk, where the same thing takes place, among a much smaller population, the people are the most stalwart race of all the Netherlands. The doctor thought the want of vigor was due to the spare use that is made of animal food. Be this as it may, the stranger who comes imbibes health with every breath, and it is extraordinary to see the change after a few days in the weak and the anæmic. The sands are splendid, and the moment the tide goes out are hard enough for carriage or bicycle. The absence of human beings was amply compensated for by innumerable birds rocking on the waves, diving for their food, or running or flying over the sands — sea-gulls of several kinds, plovers, divers, and those amusing little birds, the sand-pipers, which run to look for their food in the approaching wave, and, not being able to swim, retreat before it at a great pace. At low tide we could distinguish seals basking in the sunshine on the sand-bank in front of us, Large Hamburg steamers crossed the distant horizon, and once a Dutch gunboat appeared in sight, to protect, it was said, Dutch fishermen from having their nets cut by the English. It was exhilarating to feel there was nothing between ourselves and the North Pole.

There was a peculiar fascination about the evenings, when the sun had set in all its glory over the sea, and the deep blue sky above melted towards the horizon into soft, transparent hues of yellow and red, a single star appearing here and there. Towards the north-east might be discerned the lighthouse of the island of Borkum, which is invisible in the daytime, westwards the revolving light of Ameland, while two lighthouses on our own island guided the distant seafarer on his way. Between Schiermonnikoog and Borkum there is the small island of Rottummeer, inhabited by a single family.

Schiermonnikoog was no doubt originally part of the mainland of the province of Groningen, from which it is separated by water so shallow that one might almost cross on foot at low tide. It belongs to Friesland, and the inhabitants are of Frisian origin. They speak a Frisian dialect, but it is so different from that spoken in Friesland proper that they and the Frisians of the mainland can scarcely understand each other. The islanders all speak remarkably pure and correct Dutch, which they have learnt at school. The name of the island, Schiermonnikoog (Eye of the Grey Monk), is derived from the Grey Monks, so called from the color of their dress. They belonged to the order of the Cistercians, and had once large possessions in the north of Friesland, and in places which have since been submerged by the sea, but which are still remembered, such as the sand-bank called "the Abbot," near the island of Terschelling, where Abbot Gerardus of Lidlum had his pleasure-ground. The monks had a chapel on the island, which was converted into a parochial church in 1465. Their memory is preserved in the arms of the community — a barefooted monk on a field of argent, holding a rosary in the right hand and pointing to heaven with the other. In 1580 the island was secularized and transferred to the States of Friesland, and these sold it fifty years later, when they were in need of money, for 18,151 florins to Johan Stachouwer, with all the seign-

curial rights of the sea, taxation, and civil and criminal jurisdiction, merely reserving to themselves the right of sovereignty and requiring the oath of allegiance. The new lords of the island had themselves represented by a *drossuert* or bailiff, assisted by four burgomasters, who were elected by the inhabitants. Their rule was not an unmixed benefit. Stories are told of injustices and cruelties against which the islanders sometimes rebelled, so that the landlords had to ask the States of Friesland for protection. It often happened that several heirs possessed the island together, and that women were in power. Thus Maria Catharina Stachouwer shared the property with her brother and afterwards with her nephew. She ruled in the last century for a number of years, and exercised her rights in such an arbitrary manner that the people repeatedly appealed to the States of Friesland, who had to give judgment, and who made an attempt to resume the jurisdiction. The strong-minded lady protested against her rights being curtailed, and a long controversy ensued. It was argued on her behalf, in a document of the year 1738, that the distance of the island from the mainland would involve expense to the fishermen if the cases were tried elsewhere; that the population was small; that according to an old tradition the original inhabitants were Swedes, not Frisians; that the island had always been separate from Friesland; and last, not least, that the landlords had bought the right. After many lawsuits the dispute was finally settled in 1750 by a compromise. The lords of the island kept the jurisdiction subject to an appeal, in civil cases only, to the court of Friesland. For over two hundred years the Stachouwers were in possession. In spite of many vicissitudes the island prospered, and in 1761, at the death of Maria Catharina, its value was rated at 88,800 florins. When at last the landlords wished to sell it, the islanders hoped that the States of Friesland would take back the ownership, but they were disappointed, and in 1859 it was sold to

Mr. J. E. Banck, who, however, did not assume the seigniorial rights. Last summer Mr. Banck put up the property for sale, and it was bought by the Hanoverian Count Berthold Bernstorff for his younger son. The new landlord was to come into possession in November. The islanders take the matter philosophically. If he is a good landlord they do not mind his being a foreigner, and, after all, they remain Dutch subjects.

In consequence of the wars between England and Holland, there had always been fears that the English would some day attack Schiermonnikoog, and a small body of soldiers was kept there to defend it. At the end of the last century, when all Europe was convulsed by the French Revolution, this fear was actually realized. On August 11, 1799, a few British ships, while cruising along the coast, came into collision with a Dutch brig, the *Crash*,¹ which made a brave but useless resistance. A Dutch gun-boat, which had retreated towards the island, was attacked on the 14th. Lieutenant Van Maaren, who commanded it, burnt his ship rather than surrender, and went with his men to the shore. The next day the English effected a landing and opened fire, but Lieutenant Broers, with twenty-six men, had chosen his position so well, and defended the village with so much bravery, that after two hours the English desisted. Meanwhile the people had been in the greatest anxiety. Some had buried their valuables, others had fled to the dunes, and it was an unutterable relief when they found that the British force had disappeared from the shores.

Another aspect of the history of the island is its incessant struggle with the elements. It is now four miles broad from north to south and twelve miles long, but there was a time when it was much larger. The sea made steady encroachments on the south and south-west side, and terrible storms and

¹ The *Crash* had been formerly an English ship, and was now recaptured and taken home as a prize by Captain Boorder, who commanded his Majesty's sloop *l'Espiegle*.

floods in the years 1717 and 1720 caused great destruction. The western dunes were partly washed away, and, the old village being now insufficiently protected, the inhabitants began to migrate to a more sheltered site, where the present village stands. The church had suffered so much from sand-drifts in 1715 that it had been pulled down and rebuilt farther inland, but here it only stood till 1760. In that year the people were obliged altogether to abandon the old village, which was then completely destroyed by the waves. The old manor house, Binnendyken, shared the same fate. A colporteur who visited the island a year after describes, in a naïve and simple way, what he heard from eye-witnesses of those terrible days. In 1737 there had been a great land-slip, he says, and in 1756 houses had been blown away and ships torn from their anchorage, but the day after Christmas, 1760, the waves rose so high that they swept away the church and several houses. A few days before the people had carried the pews and pulpit out of the church, and the dead out of the graves, each family taking its own dead, for it was the custom to put the names on the coffins; the unclaimed coffins were washed into the sea, but recovered as far as possible and buried. The rich people, says this simple chronicler, who had been buried in the church were put under a shed till the new church was finished, and then they were buried in it. Some of the inhabitants remained in their houses till these had half tumbled down, and then they had to fly in the storm in mid-winter, and knew not whither. He was told that of late years nearly four miles of country had been washed away, and ships were sailing now where rabbits used to be caught in the dunes.

Even in the present village the inhabitants were not safe from the sea, which continued its incursions in this century till two events occurred to control them. Nature provided a remedy in an extensive sand-bank which gradually arose south-west of the

island, in the very place where a dangerous current—the Noorman—had threatened it; and in 1859 Mr. Banck, the late landlord, began the construction of a broad dyke five thousand metres long, which meets the dunes east and west. A dyke made by the lords of the island at the end of the last century had been destroyed by the storms in 1825.

The island is now well protected on every side, and the period of storm and stress for the inhabitants is past. It is even increasing on the south-east side from considerable deposits made by the sea, and we saw grass growing where there had been sea not many years ago. Notwithstanding the greater security of the people, their prosperity has diminished from various causes, and the population has of late years dwindled from one thousand to seven hundred. There was a time when Schiermonnikoog subsisted on its fishing and shipping trade, and when the islanders owned more than a hundred ships. Unfortunately, the fish disappeared from the shores, and the drying of plaice for exportation, which was then a great industry, came to an end, while the navigation suffered from the loss of the harbor "de Wiel," and from sailing vessels being superseded by steamers. All the men, however, still go to sea as their natural profession, and there is an excellent naval school, at the head of which is a retired sea-captain, Mr. Dyk. On leaving the elementary school the boys go for a couple of years to sea, and then come home to study at the naval school, while they have at the same time the opportunity of learning French and English at evening continuation classes.

The only industry now on the island is making mats of the grass which grows in the dunes, the marram (*Arundo arenaria*, L.), called in Dutch *helm*. This grass has long, tangled roots, which give firmness to the sand, and prevent it from drifting. The inhabitants are allowed to cut a certain quantity for their mats on condition that they plant an equivalent amount in places where it is wanted. These

mats, which are sometimes the size of a small carpet, are found in most of the houses. They offer but a poor livelihood, for the grass has to go through a certain amount of preparation, and the wholesale price of the ordinary sized mat is not threepence; but the industry is most important for the island, as the large quantity of mat grass which is planted every year keeps the dunes in good condition, and checks the inroads of the sea. Among the rich flora on the island there is another grass of the same kind, the *Psamma baltica*, which has been found nowhere else in the Netherlands except on the island of Terschelling.

The village consists of three broad roads lined with houses, and planted with elms and lime-trees. There is a large open space in the centre, where stand the church and the most important houses, such as the council house, the elementary school, the naval school, the parsonage, the post-office, two inns, and several pretty villas. Near it is a small wood with seats, called the *plantsoen*, or plantation. Most of the houses date from the middle of the last century, and are one story high. They have each a little flower-garden in front, with a well of the purest water covered with painted wooden boards, and a kitchen-garden at the back; some are covered with ivy. All the inhabitants look well-to-do, and only three receive poor relief. There is a peculiarly refined look about the women, and some are remarkably handsome. They wear no special costume, but are fond of gay colors. They love dance and song, and on Sunday evenings during the season dancing goes on at the pavilion close to the hotel. There is only one policeman on the island, and crime, theft, and immorality are almost unknown. The people are all Protestants of the Dutch Reformed Church. Since the last clergyman (who held his appointment from the year 1828) retired, no clergyman has resided on the island, but every Sunday one comes in the post ship from Friesland to preach in the afternoon, having preached to his own

congregation in the morning. All the people in the village own their houses, only paying a small ground rent. In summer they are glad to let a room or two to the visitors. Some of these rooms are entirely lined with old tiles, and probably unchanged for the last hundred years, but as neat as if they had been done up yesterday. Most of the principal houses belong to retired sea-captains. The manor house, Rysbergen, which dates from 1757, stands east of the village, and has still a room with a handsome old chimney-piece and carving; but the family portraits which adorned the hall are gone, and a large room which was once hung with Cordova leather was converted into a warehouse for stranded goods. The house is now utilized for the country holidays of Leeuwarden children, and a better use was probably never made of it.

There are four farms which also belong to the landlord, who, moreover, owns the grazing land. We went to see the largest of these farms, which pays a rental of about 140*l.* a year, and was tenanted by a Frisian couple from the mainland, who kept some sixty head of cattle and made cheese and butter. They complained much of the bad times, and of having a third less food for their cattle than other years on account of the drought.

The Frisian language is full of English words. One of our party remarked in English, "There is the churn." The woman responded, "*Ja, daar is de churn*" (*karn* in Dutch). The proverb says, "Bread, butter, and cheese are good English and good Frise." Another farmer keeps a large duck-pond with decoy ducks, which inveigle the wild ducks into it; but this is not shown, for fear the ducks should understand the situation and escape.

In winter all communication with the mainland except through the telephone is sometimes cut off by the ice. On one occasion, a couple of years ago, when this lasted three weeks, there was a dearth of mineral oil, and the inhabitants had to go to roost at

eight o'clock. There were formerly a great many superstitions on the island. The people believed in witchcraft, and in spirits inhabiting the dunes, and second-sight apparitions were not infrequent. Women saw their husbands rise out of the sea with dripping hair—a sign that they were perishing in the waves, which but too often happened. Sometimes, however, the omens must have been misleading, for on one occasion a husband reappeared in the flesh long after he was thought to be dead, and found that his wife had married again. Whether he behaved with the same discretion as Enoch Arden the story does not say. A curious custom still lingers. On the eve of Whit Sunday, which is the first day of the fair, a maypole is put up in the village in front of one of the inns. A green branch is fastened to the top, and on this is hung a basket in which is put a live cock, with food enough for three days—the duration of the fair. This is called “the *Kallemooi*.” At the end of the time the maypole is taken down and the cock restored to its owner. No one on the island seems to know the origin or meaning of this custom. The connection, however, with similar usages in other countries is plain. This is not the place to enter in detail into their history. Mannhardt and Frazer¹ have shown that they go back to the time when man ascribed to nature a living soul which had some affinity with his own, and which had the power to confer benefits or inflict injuries on mankind, and had to be reckoned with and conciliated. The maypole represented the newly awakened spirit of vegetation, brought in to shower its blessings on the village. Logically this had to be a fresh tree every year, when, after the death of winter, nature revived; but from reasons of economy, or perhaps, when the meaning of the custom was forgotten, the same tree was used, and a green branch was put at the top as a simulacrum. The spirit of vegetation sometimes took both the animal and vegetable

¹ Mannhardt's *Wald- und Feldkulte*, and Frazer's *Golden Bough*.

forms side by side, and in some countries the corn spirit² was personified by the cock, which was supposed to sit in the last sheaf; and when this had been cut, a cock, or the image of one, was fastened to the top of a may-tree. Thus we see the ancient superstition emphasized in the island custom, though the people would, no doubt, be extremely surprised to hear it.

The inhabitants are strongly attached to their island. They call themselves neither Frisians nor Dutch, but Schiermonnikoogers. One of the late burgomasters, who held his appointment forty years and died last winter at Davos, was brought back at his own request to be buried under the trees which he had planted. The sea-captain, after having spent his life on the seas, is glad to end his days in his own island. There he recounts his adventures on the winter evenings when the storm is howling outside; there he can still follow in all her moods the sea he loved so well, and looking towards the distant horizon dream of the lands which he visited beyond; and there, when his appointed hour has come, the sound of the waves lulls him to his last sleep.

The constant communication with foreign lands has a peculiarly civilizing influence; the men have all seen the world, and the women have at least heard of it. We went into a modest cottage built in the dunes by a sailor with his own tools some seventeen years ago. Prints of Etna which he had brought back adorned the walls, lacquered objects from Java sent home by the son were scattered about, and there was a refinement about the place far above what one usually meets with in that station of life.

At the end of a week spent in exploring the island, we found ourselves the last visitors in the hotel, and preparations were made for closing it. *Faute de combattants le combat finit*. There was nothing left but to tear ourselves

² Mannhardt identifies the Baumgeist and Korngeist: “Sie sind besondere Manifestationen der Vorstellung ‘Vegetationsdämon.’” (*Baumkultus*, p. 614.)

away from this charming and peaceful spot. The steamers had ceased running, so one morning early we took the post sailing-ship to Oostmahorn. Our only fellow-traveller was a sea-captain who had taken Mr. Stanley over part of the Congo, had traded in ivory with Tippoo Tib, and was now on his way back to Africa. The sails were unfurled, and in spite of a south-westerly breeze we were borne in an hour and a half to the coast of Friesland, whence we pursued our journey to Leeuwarden.

From Temple Bar.

ATHENS AND ITS ACROPOLIS.

ATHENS was of all ancient cities the most refined. Inferior to Rome in power, she was her superior in taste, and the group of buildings upon her Acropolis, or citadel-rock, were the finest embodiment the world has ever seen of intellectual beauty. It is — or rather was, for the modern city is rather more to the eastward — about four miles from the sea; its harbor, the Piræus, being connected with it by the Long Walls, another also connecting the place with the harbor of Phalerum.

Athens was walled and gated. Originally very small, it was more than once rebuilt, and, like most cities of the old world, received such extensions and rebuildings at the hands of the Roman emperors as somewhat to confuse the student of its remains. Chosen, it is impossible to doubt, in the first instance, from its Acropolis as Rome was for its Palatine and Capitol; a secure refuge for some early band of fugitives, outlaws, or colonists; its proximity to the sea naturally led to commerce and maritime adventure, and to the worship of Poseidon (Neptune).

The city, at first confined to the table rock, then limited for a time to the little valley beneath, spread in course of years until it embraced an area of less than two miles in length and a mile and a half in breadth, the central

rock being cleared of private dwellings and reserved for temples.

A mile or more away from the Acropolis in a north-easterly direction, a steep, rocky hill was known in ancient times as Lycabettus; it has been renamed in modern times as St. George; the city extended sufficiently in its later periods of greatness for the walls to pass nearly under this hill. It is from its summit that the traveller can best judge of the character, not only of Athens, but of the peninsula of Attica and the neighboring islands; in a word, a magnificent view is unrolled before him.

The conformation of the ground is most singular. Bishop Wordsworth describes it thus: —

We may imagine the surface of the country to have once been in a fluid state, swelling in vast waves, and that some of these billows were suddenly fixed in their places into solid limestone rock, while the rest were permitted to subside away into a wide plain. We might fancy the objects before us to have been produced by some such agency as this. Hence we might suppose the insulated rocky peak (Lycabettus) on which we now are; hence the tabular rock of the Acropolis rising from the plain, in the centre of the city, as the natural pedestal on which its future statues and temples were to be supported; and hence the lower and rocky ridge at the south-western verge of Athens.

The ridge here alluded to is the Pnyx; it is perhaps a quarter of a mile west of the Acropolis, and upon its slope, from a block of bare stone, the orators, for whom Athens was celebrated, addressed their stormy popular audiences numbered by thousands. Below in the valley was the Agora, the market-place and general resort of the citizens, the counterpart of the Roman Forum.

These assemblies were in the open air.

The Athenian orators spoke from a block of bare stone; their audience sat before them on an open field; and a prelude and a symptom of national degeneracy was observable when the public assemblies of Athens were transferred to the theatre from the Pnyx.

Standing on this rough bema, the orator

had the natural elements at his service. The sky of Attica was over his head, the soil of Attica beneath his feet, and the sea of Attica behind him. Appeals to the Ruling Powers of these elements in other places might be vague and unmeaning, but here they were almost endued with life. . . . They would appear to answer his call not like stage deities, let down *ex machinâ*, but as stepping spontaneously from the place in which they were believed to dwell. The sea and sky, the vales and mountains of his native land, by which he was surrounded, gave nerve and energy and life to the eloquence of the speaker; so that we seem, as it were, to breathe the air of Attica in the pages of Demosthenes.

At no great distance behind him was the island of Salamis, the scene of Athenian victory; nearer lay the Piræus with its fleets and arsenals; before him the crowded city.

In the midst of such scenes and such associations the Athenian orator spoke to an Athenian audience. Orator and people alike were bareheaded, only travellers and invalids covered the head. The matter is worth noting, for it testifies to a fact which largely influenced the history, the eloquence, and the arts of Athens—her glorious climate. Bright, bracing, windy, and very dry, with a thin soil over a bed of hard limestone rock, surrounded with beautiful scenery, hill and dale, mountain and sea—everything invited to outdoor life. The sunsets were of extraordinary beauty, and in the after-glow may still be seen the curious light which caused Athens to be named the City of the Violet Crown. If after hewing walls and cisterns, seats and tombs from the rock, more delicate material were wanted for temples or monuments, Pentelicus, sixteen miles north-east of the city, supplied an inexhaustible quarry.

Immediately below the Pnyx was the Agora, planted with spreading planes, and crowded with statues, painted porticoes, and stately monuments; beyond was the Areopagus; above all towered the Acropolis, with the great bronze Minerva the Champion, glittering in

the sun, in no way dwarfed by the superb temples around her. On a steep, rocky slope hard by was the Areopagus; here the Council sat; here criminals and causes were tried; here on a memorable occasion St. Paul, with temples and statues of heathen deities all around him, told the assembled audience that the "Unknown God" whom they ignorantly worshipped, "dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

That the stately Areopagites should try causes in the open air is perhaps as good an instance as any that could be adduced of the extreme simplicity of the old life of Greece. It was evidenced also in their private dwellings, which were notoriously mean; all the splendors of their art were reserved for public monuments and temples.

Of the great Theatre cut out of the solid rock of the south-eastern slope of the Acropolis, commenced in B.C. 500, and finished under Lycurgus, B.C. 340—for it seems to have been one of the national peculiarities to commence great public works and dawdle over their completion—we shall not say much here; nor of the Thesæum, dedicated to the reputed founder of their greatness, which stands north-west of the Acropolis; nor of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, to the south-east, begun by Peisistratus, and not completed until the time of the Emperor Hadrian, *seven hundred* years later; these we must hurry past, for our space is limited. Our object is to describe the great representative group of buildings on the rocky platform which commands the town. Of the Olympiæum, which was about half as big again as the Parthenon, all that remain of its seven centuries of ancient workmanship, and of its double peristyle, are a few columns at one corner. "They look," says the late Bishop of Lincoln, "like the few remaining chessmen driven into a corner at the end of a game."

Two rivers will ever be associated with Athens; one was the Ilissus, a little brawling stream with a cascade,

its banks covered with flowers, which were often woven into wreaths for prizes in the public games and competitions. Among the latter were the contests of musical composers and rival musical societies or choruses. To the successful competitors monuments of marble were erected, and these became so numerous as to form a little curved avenue known as the Street of Tripods. The contests took place in the Theatre of Bacchus, and one only of the monuments has survived, that universally known as the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates.

This is circular, and stands east and a little south of the Acropolis.

Another ancient relic which time has spared is the octagon Tower of the Winds, upon each of whose eight faces is sculptured a winged figure floating through the air; each represents a wind, each is highly symbolical; beneath these are eight sun-dials, and inside the tower was a water-clock.

At the extreme south-east of the town, and across the river, lies the Stadium or racecourse; now a grass-grown hollow, its slopes were once lined with white marble seats.

It is, however, of the Acropolis and its buildings that we desire now to speak.

It is an oblong, isolated rock with a flat top and steep sides in the midst of the ancient city, but a little outside the modern capital which has sprung up to the east and north of it. It rises one hundred and fifty feet above the nearest slopes, but considerably more above the general level of the plain.

In length it is between three and four hundred yards, or about a thousand feet by half that distance in breadth. It was both the citadel and the treasure-house of the city; as a citadel it was walled and fortified, the approach was from the west, and through a splendid double gateway called the *Propylæa*. On the wind-swept summit stood the Parthenon, the Temple of Pallas (Minerva); at the northern side the Erechtheum, and at the north-eastern corner towered the gigantic bronze statue of the goddess

as champion and protector of Athens, Minerva Promachus. The attitude was defiant, as if leading the Athenian army to battle: the right hand raised and thrown back held the spear about to be cast in the Greek fashion; the left was protected by a round Greek shield; the crest of the Grecian helmet caught the sun's rays, and was distinctly visible to sailors many miles at sea.

The Propylæa served as the fortified gateway to a military citadel, and as the solemn portal of a religious sanctuary. They shared with the Parthenon the distinction of being typical buildings of the Doric style; the little Temple of Unwinged Victory stood in front, somewhat to the south.

What meaning does "the Doric style" convey to us? Most of us would say, sturdy columns planted on a terrace; a heavy but elaborate entablature; a rather low triangular space (*tympanum*), in a gable end filled with sculpture above; behind the columns a plain wall (*cella*)—all these in cold white marble, all more or less frigid, dignified, and to the lovers of the picturesque almost repellent, wanting in color. Very different was the reality! All ancient buildings were profusely colored; all ancient styles involved the use of color; all ancient monuments were surrounded with statues and hung with offerings made of the precious metals—gold, silver, and bronze—besides wood-carving and ivory.

Again, let us quote Bishop Wordsworth. He calls it "the splendid frontispiece of the Athenian citadel. . . . Let us," he proceeds, "conceive such a restitution of this fabric as its surviving fragments suggest, let us imagine it restored to its pristine beauty; let it rise once more in the full dignity of its youthful stature, let all its architectural decorations be fresh and perfect," not in cold, bare surfaces, but "let their mouldings be again brilliant with glowing tints of red and blue, let the coffers of its soffits be again spangled with stars and the white marble antæ be fringed over as they once were with delicate embroidery of ivy leaf; let it

be such a lovely day as the present day of November — and then let the bronze valves of the Propylea be suddenly flung open, and all the splendors of the interior of the Acropolis burst suddenly upon the view."

The Parthenon, designed by Ictinus in the age of Pericles (about 448 B.C.), is impressive still, and, owing to the dry climate, in excellent preservation. It would be almost perfect in fact but for the breach made in it in the seventeenth century. The Turks had used it as a powder magazine; the Venetians, under Morosini, bombarded Athens; a shot struck the building, the powder blew up, and some of the side columns were shattered. The minor details, the statuary of its western tympanum, the details of the frieze, have disappeared; some are destroyed, some figure — usefully? — in the British Museum as the Elgin Marbles. But take it for all in all, the temple has been well preserved.

Although grandly placed on a wind-swept terrace, and visible for miles around, the Parthenon is not very large. Compared to the great Ionic Temple of Diana at Ephesus of a later date, or to the tremendous Corinthian remains at Baalbec and Palmyra, it might almost be called small; it would have become utterly dwarfed by the mighty Temple of Jupiter — Doric, like itself, but earlier — at Agrigentum. It is two hundred and twenty-eight feet long by one hundred broad outside; so large and boldly designed is the ambulatory between the columns and the walls that even this moderate space is contracted to one hundred and forty-five feet by sixty-three within. It is peripteral, that is to say, surrounded by a colonnade; eight columns (octastyle) across the end porticoes and seventeen down each side, with an inner range of columns at each end.

Within stood a second statue, by Pheidias, of Minerva. It was of the material known as *chryselephantine*, that is to say, partly of ivory and partly of gold, and though not on the scale of the immense bronze figure outside, rose to the respectable stature of thirty-nine

feet. There is some doubt as to the details of this kind of work; it is possible that over a foundation of wood — a wooden figure of Pallas — ivory may have been laid, and then gold, or that some parts only of the exterior may have been of gold, the hair and the drapery being in thin, chased plates of that metal. By some it has been suggested that ivory was used for the head, neck, hands, and feet only.

How was this interior lighted? Some have thought by a species of clear-story, and much "learned lumber" has been imported into the question. To little purpose, however, for, like most ancient buildings, it was either entirely *hypæthral*, open to the sky, or, more probably, partly so; a velarium or thick awning being drawn over the opening to shield the temple from a very hot sun, and perhaps from the rare downfalls of rain. The gold and ivory statue of Minerva Parthenos stood just inside the western doors of the building, and in the Opisthodomus or western of the two chambers of the interior; here, also, the treasure of the city was kept, under her special care, as all good Athenians believed.

The remains of color found on the building indicate that light blue and deep red figured largely on the external entablature; whether the shafts of the columns remained in their native hue, or were stained a light lemon color, is uncertain; it is believed, however, that the capitals were gilded.

From bronze nails under the triglyphs garlands hung on festal days; shields captured in battle were suspended on the eastern front and perhaps elsewhere; the groundwork or field of the tympana, behind the statuary, was blue. The wall behind the columns was not an expanse of bare marble, but painted with heroic figures of the deeds of gods and men; all around were statues of bronze, silver, and even gold, whilst the city at its feet and other temples added to the mass of color, the bright sun of southern Greece flooding the entire picture with light — an extraordinary scene! Not its least remarkable feature must

have been the quick, eager, restless crowd of Athenians themselves; the captives, the traders of neighboring nations, the slaves; everywhere life and movement, everywhere the critical, curious ways of a people always intent upon seeing or hearing "some new thing."

Close to the Parthenon on the northern side of the rock stood the Erechtheum, so called; more correctly styled the Temple of Minerva Polias. The building proper, or cella, is about ninety feet long, with an irregular transept at its western end, and three porticoes; one of these in place of columns had the famous Caryatides, or female figures. To see these, it is not necessary to go to Athens; they were reproduced by Mr. Inwood for the new church of St. Pancras in the Euston Road.

The Erechtheum was more sacred than the Parthenon. In one of its three chambers grew the sacred olive-tree; in another, sacred to Pandrosus, bubbled up a salt spring said to be the work of Neptune when he asserted his claim to the Athenian soil; here was an altar to Hercean Jove; but more sacred, more jealously guarded than all these, was the small statue of Minerva, made of olive wood, in its easternmost chamber. This was the figure to which the great Panathenaic procession wended its way, and over which the sacred veil or *peplos* was thrown at that solemn festival. Its artist was unknown. The name, perhaps, was concealed from motives of policy, to give greater importance to it; it was even said to have fallen from heaven.

Under the Caryatid portico, three of whose six figures are intact, was the reputed burial-place of Cecrops, the original builder of the city.

The intellectual influence of Athens long survived the loss of her independence; the Greeks conquered their conquerors; that *stolidum genus*, who appropriated the arts of the nations they subdued as coolly as they annexed their territory. In the process the arts suffered, and it has been bitterly but truly said of them that they adorned

their often tasteless buildings "with the mangled remains of Greek architecture." They employed Greeks to build their temples and palaces, but the Greeks in that atmosphere of vulgar profusion degenerated rapidly. Perhaps the worst injury that Rome inflicted upon Greece was when she produced Vitruvius. The harm done by this man was not confined to his own age; it has descended like a stream of poison through every subsequent generation, and warped and perverted the artistic judgment of mankind. It seems as if, unable themselves to continue the beautiful works of the brilliant people they had subdued, the Romans had resolved to render all such work for the future impossible. This, at any rate, has been the effect of Vitruvius's teaching. It is to him mainly that we owe the popular theory of "orders" of architecture; assumed systems of building which he attributes to the Greeks, but which they never heard of. At certain periods, we may admit, we find a *fashion* prevailing; columns are of a particular form; and the chief decorative features, such as the capitals, certain proportions, interspacings, and general principles, appear so often as almost to amount to a law. But when ancient examples are carefully looked into, the exceptions are found to be so numerous as to upset the rule.

The plain facts of the case are that men like Callicrates and Ictinus would have scorned such a limitation of their powers as to build according to rule. The only law they recognized was the law of taste, and so far from regulating their temple by conventional rules, there is strong evidence to prove that they were at this very time meditating a step forward in art which involved a revolution. The Parthenon is considered the finest example of the Doric order; the *internal* columns, however, those inside the cella, are *Ionian*, and if designed a few years later it seems to be unquestionable that the whole building would have been of the light and graceful form which is covered by that name. Stuart and Revett, it may be

mentioned, whose magnificent work on the "Antiquities of Athens," undertaken for the Dilettanti Society," was the cause of the so-called Classical Revival in the last century, think that the interior had two ranges of columns, and consequently three aisles, of which the two outer ones were roofed, whilst the central nave was partly open to the sky.

If even the severe and stately Parthenon be found on examination to exhibit such freedom of treatment, we need not be surprised if the Erechtheum, which is Ionic, should show it still more. When that style superseded the sterner Doric, it seemed as if the greatest of the arts had passed from grave to gay. The new building style was said to be derived from Asiatic sources—but what early art is not? Here, if anywhere, on the Acropolis of Athens, we should expect to find "the Greek orders" perfect to the minutest detail, but "the sculptured necking," says Wilkins, "of the columns of this temple has been observed in no other instance of the Ionic order." Here we see the influence of Vitruvius plainly at work; we might add that of Palladio and Vignola as well, for all three preceded Wilkins with lanterns, which just gave enough light to lead him into the quagmire where we find him. For if the theory of an "order" be worth anything at all, such details must be fixed and universal—which they certainly were not. Owing to its peculiar shape the Erechtheum has three differing sets of columns; the spaces, or inter-columniations are different in each, to suit them to the three different levels which would slightly affect their appearance to the eye of a spectator.

Three more instances of the freedom of Greek art may be allowed us. In the choragic monument of Lysicrates, one of the earliest examples of the Corinthian style, the flutings of the columns end in a sort of leaf, whilst the space below the commencement of the capital is filled with a circlet of simple but graceful foliage, "quite unlike the usual arrangements of this

order." In the Temple of Jupiter Olympius at Agrigentum the Doric columns have bases, and these, too, are moulded.

In the temple at Sunium the columns have each sixteen flutings; in those of the temple at Paestum there are twenty-four, and the list may be extended indefinitely.

It is pleasant to think that so much of Athens has been spared to our own day. In its dry atmosphere the buildings mellow a little but do not decay. Speaking of the Theseum, Bishop Wordsworth says:—

We have now lodged near it—almost beneath its shade—for more than two months. Such is the integrity of its structure, and the distinctness of its details, that it requires no description beyond that which a few glances might supply. . . . In certain states of the atmosphere the loveliness of its coloring is such that, from the rich mellow hue which, under the softening touch of time, the marble has assumed, the temple looks as if it had been formed by fairy hands, not from the bed of a rocky mountain, but from the golden light of an Athenian sunset.

Something of this outdoor life, this incessant movement, these brilliant effects of atmosphere; something, too, of great porticoes and stately columns, of statues of bronze and marble under a brilliant sun, may be seen in the capital of a neighboring country. After all, was not Athens the Paris of the ancient world?

From Temple Bar.

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

AMONG the early pioneers in the Romantic movement begun and carried on by Victor Hugo, with whom we may spend many a pleasant, idle hour, the first place must be given to Théodore de Banville, who, born in 1823, published his earliest volume of poems, "Les Cariatides," in 1841, and takes his place naturally as head of those whom we may call the Second Romantics. He comes from that central district of France called the Bour-

bonnaise, and in the volume of "Souvenirs" published a few years ago, he tells us with the facile grace so characteristic of all he writes in prose or poetry, something of his ancestors, and of his happy childhood passed in the midst of a smiling and fertile country.

His great-grandfather — *le petit homme rouge*, as he always calls him, full of amiable caprices, and of an originality altogether fantastic — had a property near Moulins, where he enjoyed life, shooting, fishing, and snaring birds, and entertaining anybody who came to see him with frank hospitality. We have amusing stories of how this ancestor pleased himself by assuming the costume of a brigand, stopping travellers on the road, and carrying them off by force to his house, where he threw off his disguise, and treated them so royally that they were loth to depart. The portrait also of his grandfather, and of the domestic happiness he enjoyed, is drawn with a tenderness of sentiment and delicacy of touch, that shows the picture must have impressed young Théodore very much to be reproduced so many years after with such love and care.

M. Huet began life as a judge at Paris, and was the author of several law-books which brought him considerable reputation, but chancing to go to Moulins, he met the lady with whom he was to spend the rest of his life. He at once gave up his career at Paris, and bought a little place at Moulins, where the two passed long years in an ideal life of mutual love and satisfaction, knowing no desires beyond what each could satisfy. Later on he gained a name throughout the Bourbonnaise for defending prisoners, but he always refused to be drawn far from his home, where a little daughter — Zélie, the mother of our poet — had arrived to complete his happiness. For Zélie M. Huet bought the property Font-Georges, where later on her son Théodore passed some of the happiest hours of his life, and which he has immortalized so often in such charming poems.

One of these — the ode "A la Font-

Georges" — is in spirit and metre a faithful echo of the verses of his favorite master, Ronsard, "De l'Election de mon Sépulcre." In the grounds of Font-Georges was the fountain where he tells us the peasants from time immemorial washed their clothes, throwing their *liards* into its waters in order to propitiate the beneficent fairies that guarded it, and believing in its special power to cure disease.

Sources, fraîches fontaines,
Qui, douces à mes peines
Frémissez autrefois
Rien qu'à ma voix !

Bassin où les laveuses
Tendaient, silencieuses,
Sur un rameau tremblant
Le linge blanc !

By this fountain Théodore often slept as a child, kissed by the guardian genii of the place, who breathed into him as he lay in their embraces the divine gift of song.

There too was that little service-tree which the little Zélie, his mother, had taken such affection for in her childish wanderings, that her father was determined to buy the property, solely to gratify her heart's desire.

O sorbier centenaire,
Dont trois coups de tonnerre
N'avaient pas abattu
Le front chenu !

After the death of M. Huet, his grandmother's only happiness during the few years she survived him was in having Théodore and his sister Zélie as much with her as possible. To this sister Théodore wrote one of his odes, in which the delights of the garden where they played together are again told with a carefulness of detail that brings it all before us.

Te souvient-il de ce jardin sauvage
Tout au cœur de Moulins,
Où nous courions, ignorant tout servage,
Sous les arbres câlins ?

Il était triste et rempli de mystères,
Jamais ses beaux fruits mûrs
N'étaient cueillis, et les parietaires
Envahissaient les murs.

Nous jouions là, gais pour une chimère,
 Courant, où bien assis
 Dans le gazon. Parfois notre grand'mère,
 La veuve aux chers soucis,

Qui fut si belle et qui mourut si jeune,
 Se montrait sur le seuil,
 Le front pâli comme par un long jeûne,
 Triste et douce, en grand deuil.

This grandmother carried out her husband's theories about the bringing-up of children. He used to say, "Il faut se hâter à donner beaucoup de bonheur aux petits enfants, parce qu'on ne sait jamais s'ils en auront plus tard."

Up to seven years of age his little grandson lived as much with her as with his parents, and managed, he tells us, to double his pleasures in consequence. He certainly seems to have put in practice at this age another saying of his grandfather, "Si l'on a un morceau de pain et un morceau de gâteau, il faut toujours commencer par manger le gâteau parce qu'on ne sait jamais si on vivra assez longtemps pour manger aussi le pain." The recollections of this happy life enlivened many a dreary day, when after his grandmother's death he was sent to school at Paris. The back playground with its scanty trees, by courtesy called a garden, and its Paris sparrows; the school itself with its poverty-stricken food, its dingy class-rooms, and ignorant professors—all contrasted only too effectively with the luxury and freedom he had had till then, and must have seemed to the lad little less than captivity. With the pitiless realism that only a child brings to his wrongs, he describes his life there—the dull walks along the dreary streets, and worse than all the annual gaiety that never varied in character, when a tenth-rate contortionist repeated his well-known grimaces, and went the round of his equally well-known jokes.

We must not linger longer over these reminiscences of his childhood, but pass on to the story of his youth, where he tells us how, a young man of nineteen, he left his first volume of poems, written in the full fervor of romanti-

cism, at the door of Alfred de Vigny. He passed the day wandering in the country in feverish excitement, and on returning home, worn out with alternate hope and despair at the possible results of his audacity, found a card from the poet inviting him for the next day. When the earliest hour arrived at which he could present himself, and he was actually ushered into the presence of Alfred de Vigny, what was his surprise at being at once taken aside and shown his little volume of poems marked in pencil throughout with discriminating attention. These De Vigny proceeded to go over with him verse by verse, pointing out defects, giving the appreciative praise that comes of a sympathetic understanding, showing what was wanting for perfection, and illuminating the whole field of poetry with his unclouded criticism.

For the picture of Alfred de Vigny among his elegant surroundings, of his aristocratic countess seen sitting near him in her antique lace, and of their courtly ways to one another, we must refer the reader to the chapter entitled "Alfred de Vigny," the most charming sketch among many that paint for us the portraits of the great Romantics.

Much of De Banville's early work belongs to the gymnastics of versification. He practised himself in the metres beloved of Ronsard and his disciples, and had all the pride of the workman in endeavoring to approach his models in the excellence of his work. In the "Améthystes," he revived the rhythms which have been neglected since the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes has become a fixed rule. Reny Belleau, Antoine de Baif, Du Bellay, and the rest of the *pléiade* live again in these little gems, which for lucidity and movement are not behind the best verse of the Renaissance. The same may be said of the rondels, composed after the manner of Charles d'Orléans, and of the "Trente-six Ballades Joyeuses" in imitation of François Villon. One of the rondels, being not too long for these pages, we give as a specimen of his work in this direction:—

La nuit,
 Nous bénissons la douce nuit
 Dont le frais baiser nous délivre.
 Sous ses voiles on se sent vivre
 Sans inquiétude et sans bruit.
 Le souci dévorant s'enfuit,
 Le parfum de l'air nous enivre ;
 Nous bénissons la douce nuit,
 Dont le frais baiser nous délivre.
 Pâle songeur qu'un Dieu poursuit,
 Repose-toi, ferme ton livre,
 Dans les cieux blancs comme du givre
 Un flot d'astres frissonne et luit
 Nous bénissons la douce Nuit !

These experiments, which like the *ballade*, "semble au lecteur n'avoir coûté aucun effort et avoir jailli comme une fleur, bien qu'elle pose les problèmes les plus ardues de la versification," served to make language pliant to his skill and to give him the command over it we find in more important later work, where his thought uses it as an instrument instead of being moulded by its fixity. At the same time they made him delicate in the choice of words, which, like Ronsard, he treats as jewels to his thought.

Thus, by manifold exercises in poetic form, he acquired a sense of measure, a flexibility of style, and an appropriateness of phrase, which strike one again and again as one turns over his three volumes of varied verse. An instance of these qualities may be seen in the lines to the brother novelists Edmond et Jules de Goncourt : —

Comme sur un beau lac où le feuillage
 tremble,
 Deux cygnes dans l'azur au loin voguent
 ensemble ;
 Comme deux fiers chevaux, buvant au flot
 des airs,
 Courent échelés dans le feu des déserts ;
 Comme en un bas-relief plus blanc que les
 étoiles,
 S'avancent le front haut deux vierges aux
 longs voiles ;
 Comme deux vers jumeaux volent d'un
 même essor,
 Attachés par la Reine avec des liens d'or ;
 De même avec amour, frères, vos deux
 pensées
 Marchent d'un pas égal l'une à l'autre en-
 lacées,

O poètes heureux ! comme dans votre esprit,
 Le même ardent rayon sur vos lèvres fleurit,

Et, par un double effort, vos âmes frater-
 nelles

Vers le même Idéal ensemble ouvrent leurs
 ailes.

De Banville has enshrined throughout his verse the names of those who took part in the great literary war of 1830. One of the "Rimes Dorées" — so called from their being illumined by the setting sun of the Romantic movement — is a poem to their praise, and among many perfect specimens of literary workmanship not least in excellence. "L'aube romantique" is far too long for quotation here, but, like the poems to Gautier and Ronsard, has a ring of such genuine enthusiasm that we feel borne back upon the wings of time, and share the passion that inspired Mürger and Baudelaire and Philoxène Boyer and Petrus Borel and others whose names, each with their word of discriminating praise, are, alas ! only names to us.

As at the time of the Renaissance, so again for the period after 1830, Greek life was one of the ideals which it was the aim to reconstruct. The free, natural life of the Greeks appealed against the constrained ideal of the eighteenth century, and their passion for art, for freedom, for beauty lived again in the Romantics.

It may seem as if a return to classicism could only be paradoxically included in this movement, since Romanticism was in great measure a revolt against the classicism of the eighteenth century, and for many years it is true that this revolt caused the new school to be very sparing of its mythology and classical images. But it was a false classicism indeed that had inspired the stilted verses of a Rousseau and a Delille with their barren circumlocution and hackneyed allusions. They never went to the fountain head for inspiration, but confining their imitation to the letter instead of to the spirit, produced a result as far from real Hellenism as anything could well be. Far otherwise was it with the Ro-

mantics ; going straight to the sources of Greek vigor—a passion for art, a freedom of fancy, an independence of mind—they were often successful in their echoes of the past, and if they did not succeed in reproducing the great sculptural monuments of literary antiquity, they at least produced many delicate bas-reliefs, genuine in inspiration, perfect in execution, and finely wrought in detail.

Of this kind are many of De Banville's classical poems—for he has the sentiment of form, and a master touch in versification that never puts up with bad workmanship.

He has paid many a tribute to Gautier throughout his verse, but the best still remains ; his own admiration of form and the statuesque outline of many of his poems leave little to be desired, even when read after the "Emaux et carnées."

Take, for example, the following :—

Sculpteur, cherche avec soin, en attendant
l'extase
Un marbre sans défaut pour en faire un
beau vase ;
Cherche longtemps sa forme, et n'y retrace
pas
D'amours mystérieux ni de divins combats.
Pas d'Alcide vainqueur du monstre de
Némée,
Ni de Cypris naissant sur la mer em-
baumée ;

Pas de Titans vaincus dans leurs rebellions,
Ni de riant Bacchos attelant les lions
Avec un frein tressé de pampres et de
vignes ;
Pas de Lédâ jouant dans la troupe des
cygnes
Sous l'ombre des lauriers en fleurs, ni
d'Artémis
Surprise au sein des eaux dans sa blancheur
de lys.

Qu'autour du vase pur, trop beau pour la
bacchante,
La verveine mêlée à des feuilles d'acanthé
Fleurisse, et que plus bas, des vierges lente-
ment
S'avancent deux à deux, d'un pas sûr et
charmant,
Les bras pendants le long de leurs tuniques
droites,
Et les cheveux tressés sur leurs têtes
étroites.

What, it may be asked, is the aim of his poetry ? for every poet has an aim—no conscious or didactic one if he is a real poet, but yet something which acts as the inspiring motive—which sets his muse in motion. With Sully Prudhomme we found it to be the desire to give expression to half-tones of feeling, to depict the less-emphasized emotions often neglected for more obvious ones. The struggle to seize and embody these more refined sensations in language—which in the hands of most would be too coarse a medium—gives a zest to his effort, and a satisfaction to the reader when it results, as it nearly always does, in complete success. The musical expression of feeling is what constitutes the lyric poet, and lyricalness is the special mark of De Banville as it is of Sully Prudhomme. But it is very different in kind to that of the younger poet—less personal and more abstract—less individual and more general—less of our own immediate generation and more for all time. Baudelaire says that De Banville's muse represents "les belles heures de la vie," and it is true he does not care to dwell on the darker side of life. What he gives us is like an idealizing portrait in which the lines of age, the traces of suffering, the marks of struggle and of trivial cares, have been made to disappear. He shows us everywhere that for type of beauty he prefers the innocent face of a child to the expressionful head of a Joconde—the clear, untroubled loveliness of youth, to the mystery of experience and mingled effort and attainment.

Thus all realism is absent from his work ; to dwell on the detail of commonplace life and emotion would seem to him to be a mistake, and this not so much because his nature revolts against it as because he does not see it. He has the idealizing temperament, and throws the glamour of ideality over the whole of life, with the result that his lyricism is wholly untouched by the *maladie du siècle*.

As an instance of this we take the following verses :—

Aurions-nous et donnons
 Sans songer au reste du monde !
 Ni le flot de la mer, ni l'ouragan des monts,
 Tant que nous nous aimons
 Ne courbera la tête blonde,
 Car l'amour est plus fort
 Que les dieux et la mort !

Le soleil s'éteindrait
 Pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure.
 Le vent qui jusqu'à terre incline la forêt,
 En passant n'oserait
 Jouer avec ta chevelure,
 Tant que tu cacheras
 Ta tête entre mes bras !

Et lorsque nos deux cœurs
 S'en iront aux sphères heureuses
 Où les célestes lys écloront sous nos pleurs,
 Alors, comme deux fleurs
 Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,
 Et tâchons d'épuiser
 La Mort dans un baiser !

From the same cause comes also his extreme simplicity. Much of modern literature, both prose and poetry, has the complexity that comes of uniting opposite qualities, hitherto considered irreconcilable. The music of Wagner gives us sensations of color as well as sound, and appeals to the senses and the imagination at the same time. The difficulty of comprehension that Rossetti's works have met with has arisen in great measure from his uniting on the same canvas spiritual as well as material qualities. In the same way all art and every science is supposed to be translatable in terms of any other, and a great novelist of our time has often used the language of physical science to give expression to the laws of conduct. So poetry has attempted to gather within herself the universal expression of all human experience, and presses the metaphors of art and science into her service as a means of rendering the many-sidedness of life—the unity in diversity, and diversity in unity that is so great a feature of our time.

Nothing of this is to be found in De Banville; love and death, the domestic affections, the aspirations of his muse, are all treated in the same natural and simple way.

When he followed the advice given

by Goethe to Eckermann, that all poems should be founded on reality, should spring from facts and take their inspiration from the circumstance of every-day life, and wrote his "Idylles Persiennes," the same simplicity of feeling prevailed in his patriotic treatment of his country's woes.

The following verses are an example of this :—

Les Pères
 Riant à la dent qui le mord,
 Plein d'une joie ardente et sûre,
 Un jeune franc-tireur est mort
 Ces jours derniers, de sa blessure.

Nulle terreur sur son chevet
 Ne secoua l'ombre morose
 De son aile noir. Il avait
 Seize ans, et sa joue était rose.

Seize ans ! doux âge filé d'or !
 Eclat de l'aurore première
 Où sur nos fronts on voit encore
 Flotter des cheveux de lumière !

Quand la mort, hélas ! triomphant,
 Eut rendu jaunes comme un clerge
 Le front mâle de cet enfant
 Et ses lèvres de jeune vierge.

Le père d'abord interdit
 Par l'épouvantable souffrance
 Lorsqu'il s'en réveilla, ne dit
 Que ces mots. "Dieu garde la France !"

We must not close our notice of De Banville as a poet without mention of the humorous side of his muse, which has expressed itself in two instalments of "Odes Funambulesques," in 1849 and 1867. They are really *vers de société*, in which the most extravagant metre and the most absurd paradoxes are brought to bear on the social weaknesses of the day.

The lyrical element is united to the grotesque and satirical most successfully, but as the allusions belong especially to the time and place that inspired them, the "Odes Funambulesques" are probably the portion of De Banville's work which will least interest the English reader of to-day. There are, of course, a few exceptions to this, such as the ballad after Villon, "Des célébrités du temps jadis," and the verses called "Reprise de la Dame," of which we give the first few lines :—

Mourir de la poitrine
 Quand j'ai ces bras de lys,
 La lèvre purpurine
 Les cheveux de maïs.
 Et cette gorge rose,
 Ah ! la vilaine chose !
 Quel poète morose
 Est donc ce Dumas fils !

Je fuis, pauvre colombe,
 Le zéphyr accablant,
 Je m'incline et je tombe
 Comme un roseau tremblant,
 Car, j'en ai fait le pacte,
 Il faut qu'en femme exacte,
 Au bout du cinquième acte,
 J'expire en peignoir blanc.

Though De Banville's chief and most successful efforts have been in lyrical poetry, he has experimented in other directions. In a volume of comedies, several of which have been given on the stage, he endeavored to do for comedy what Victor Hugo had already done for tragedy — namely, give it the lyrical qualities in which it had hitherto been deficient, and which alone could ensure its vitality. His sketches of Parisian life called "*Contes et Fantaisies*," and the "*Souvenirs*" before mentioned, show that he has as much command over prose as over verse, and make us wish that his attempts had been concerned with more important subjects. A little volume entitled "*Petit Traité de Poésie*" deserves more especial mention. In it he puts the result of his experience as a literary workman at the disposal of the aspiring and youthful poet, and shows how complete a knowledge he himself possesses of the theory of French verse. Any one desiring to make a special study of French poetry should have it as a constant companion, for the qualities especially characteristic of all De Banville has written in any department — clearness and simplicity — prevail here as elsewhere.

De Banville's seven volumes of prose and verse are all to be had in the "*Edition Charpentier*," so well known to English travellers; and though his range of subject is not wide — though he never attains the elevation of thought of Victor Hugo, or the perfec-

tion of form of Gautier — his sentiment is always clear and graceful, and his manipulation of the language in rhyme and rhythm gives his verses a novelty of their own.

From The National Review.
 WHEN LIFE STIRS.

BY "A SON OF THE MARSHES."

LIFE is stirring in the air; only those who are about betimes on the hills and in the woods, miles away from the town or village, can fully enter into the full meaning of the brisk life of the early part of the year. The great tits feel it, and in gayest plumage they are in pairs in the old pollarded willows; you hear pincher! pincher! pincher! as it sounds only at this time of the year, when things are moving. Gales have passed over, making the branches of the trees creak and snap off, but all is quiet again. The woods are looking peaked up; by that I mean that though the buds are showing, none are open yet; but they are ready to burst when the sun helps with his warm rays.

Great birds, with large wings and strange cries, come and go, now, as they have ever done within the memory of those who have for generations lived near the hills and the moors below them, by night or day, passing over on their way to their nesting haunts in the far North. These are wild geese; whether they be birds of good or evil omen opinions differ. At one time they were not regarded very favorably; their cries sounded weird and uncanny to the woodlanders as they passed over.

When the evening closed in, before fastening the door for the night — bedtime in those days was at eight o'clock — the master of the house would have a final look round at the signs of the coming weather.

"The firs is all of a hum, mother; 'twill be louder afore long. An' hark! them 'ere cries is in the air again. I'll put up the shutter an' fasten the door."

Cuckoo pints, or, as they are called in some districts, lords and ladies, the poisonous arums of the hedgerows, show now under the hollow banks. These cuckoo pints and the stormcock are two features which when life stirs are noticed by all ; the green sheath of the one and the loud, bold song of the other attract ear and eye quickly. The mistle thrush is the earliest member of his family whose song welcomes the turn of the year. His relatives, the song thrush and the blackbird, are early nesters, frequently having eggs laid before those other thrushes, the red-wing and the field-fare, have made up their minds to leave us ; but they can hardly be said to sing yet. Now and then they do make a start, but not before the furrows reek with the warm April showers will they be in full song. The first to rejoice in the new life is that undaunted woodland singer, the stormcock ; and his song is a welcome one, fitting in with the rush of gales, and the tossing of tree branches, when all life is stirring.

The green woodpecker and his mate are busy now, prospecting round ; for the grubs, that have burrowed deep down in their tunnels, now draw up as near as they can to the bark, warmth being necessary for their perfect development. It is wonderful what a wealth of insect life old trees hold.

It takes these woodpeckers some time to fix on a site for a nest, if the hole made in the tree by the bill of the birds can be called one. If we examine the old nesting tunnel and the new one, in the same tree, we find circular holes, just large enough for the body of the bird, gouged out under a projecting limb. When the old nest gets foul, they set to work to make a fresh one. This matter is not settled in a hurry ; for weeks the pair will look round in a general way, playing antics with each other, making the wood or copse ring with their yikeing laughs. As the ordinary woodland songsters have not yet tried their voices beyond half-hearted twiddles and pipings, the green woodpeckers have it pretty much to themselves, and they make the part

of the wood or the timber trees they have selected ring again. It is a difficult matter to find out the exact tree they are at work on when they are fairly at their carpentering, for the birds take turn and turn about at the tunnelling business, and when one is at work the other is on the watch, looking down on you as you creep through the under stuff. As a rule some lucky accident enables you to determine on the exact spot ; to your great astonishment you find that you had been searching in quite the wrong direction. The last tunnel that I examined had young in it ; the oak in which it was stood out by itself on the sward.

That full twit, twit, twit ! like the lower notes of a lute, comes from the nimble nuthatch that is busily travelling over the trunks and limbs of the nearest trees. This rich full twit ! must be heard to be fully appreciated, for like the laugh of the green woodpecker it is not to be described by the pen. On the top twigs just swaying to and fro in the soft air, are the green-finches, calling now as they will call at times in the heat of summer, Breeze, breeze-e-e, Breeze !

As the time follows on, more decided evidence is daily given that the heart of mighty nature is throbbing with the fulness which shall soon gladden all her children ; the music of the winds, soft winds, that wave and bend without breaking, can be heard on the wide, open commons of the uplands.

Linnets gather and twitter to each other ; the cock birds are very handsome now, for they are in full nesting, or we should have said, in full breeding plumage. One near us perched on the tips of some golden furze bloom, has a breast like a rose ; he is no longer the "grey lintie," he is now the rose-breasted linnet of the commoners' children.

"No rose without a thorn," says the proverb, and as the little fellow is contentedly singing whilst he eyes the little flick of wool the sheep have left on the thorns as they passed, with which his mate will line her nest, a bird not larger than a ring ouzel shoots

up the rough track, about a foot from the ground; it rises like a flash, and the linnet is captured by a male sparrow-hawk. If the hawk had shown itself above, all the birds would have dropped in the bushes. The hawk knew this and made his capture in the way described.

"My brother what's just come home from foreign parts, said as how he felt as if he could bust out cryin' for joy when he leant on the gate o' our medder, an' heard the blackbirds sing in the old elms at the bottom on it. The birds is most hansom', an' cur'ous, where he's bin, he says, and some on 'em sings. But he said not one on 'em could iver make him feel like that couple o' cock blackbirds a-singin' in our old elms." So spake a young friend of mine as we stood by the cottage gate together. For the time has come, noticed by ancient lovers of the woods and all that pertains to woodland lore, when the merle and the mavis are singing.

Flitting and piping, first on one side of the hedgerows, then on the other, are the bullfinches, making for the gardens.

On a bit of greensward by the edge of a woodland road a doe rabbit has brought her litter of young ones from her stop in a ploughed field the other side of the hedge. As they sit crouched round about her, the old doe looks as if she was sitting among some scattered potatoes; for only the arch of the youngsters' backs show, and they are close to the hedge, ready for a bolt if required. And well they may be, for the dusk of a spring evening is drawing on, and before we cleared the last timbered copse we heard very cat-like mewings from some young owls of the long-eared kind. In fact, for half an hour I had been amusing myself by getting in one of the hollow ash pollards and calling one of the "branchers" to me. He was not able to fly, but he could flutter and jump from bough to bough. It was a most ludicrous performance to see the young

owl hump his back up, flutter his weak wings, and turn his head from side to side, for he could hear the call of his parents, but could not see me.

Pheasants crow and partridges call over ridge and furrow, and the hares course about in merry fashion; but as the fox and his vixen have a family to provide for, some of their frolics may be stopped prematurely.

The daffy-down-dillies have been gathered in the moist woodland meadows by the children, to their hearty content; and nice bunches of snowdrops had been gathered from the same places, but these are gone now. Daisies and the golden buttercups now spangle the meadows.

"One swallow does not make a summer," says the old adage; the first originator of that saying must, I think, have been a little cantankerous; but the swallow, whenever he is seen, surely tells that brighter days are in store for us.

So far as the cuckoo is concerned, he has of late years been a little unfortunate. Snowstorms do not suit his constitution; for all that he pulls through. Very curious notions exist about this bird in some localities.

"Now look here, I don't care what you says, if you jabbered on fur a week. Cuckoos turn into hawks. An' I can tell ye summatt else as will make yer open yer eyes a bit,—swallers in the winter goes under the mud like eels. I'd sooner believe my father's old book what tells ye about the swaller stone an' the swaller herb than I would what you says on it. Why, that ere book was writ afore my grandfather's time. It come down to us in the fambley. An' I've heerd my old granny say as all critters an' herbs— an' us as well—was all under the power o' the planets."

Jack was only proving in his own rough way what our forefathers in their own limited and peculiar fashion had noticed of the resting time of nature, and the time when life stirs.

